

# Children's Newspaper

Every Tuesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No 1568—April 9, 1949

## HE FOUND A GOLDFIELD AND DIED POOR

### George Honeyball and His Riches

OLD GEORGE HONEYBALL, the South African who was partly responsible for discovering the fabulously wealthy Rand goldfield, died recently at the age of 94. All the money he made from his tremendous find was £305.

It was in February 1886 that he and his fellow-worker George Walker found the outcrop of the Main Reef of the goldfield on his aunt's farm at Langlaate. Honeyball was staying at the farm, helping to build a house; Walker was a prospector for gold who, being hard up, had taken a job on the farm.

One morning Walker went for a stroll and, passing through some tall grass, stumbled over a rock which appeared to have gold in it. He broke off a piece, took it indoors, and, by washing it in a frying pan from which he had removed the grease, saw that the rock was rich in gold.

According to George Honeyball's story, Walker was a talkative fellow, and that evening in a little bar, he told his companions what he had discovered. Honeyball was there and overheard. He knew nothing of prospecting, but, thinking that this discovery would enhance the value of his aunt's farm, he decided to see if he could find more signs of gold.

#### The Discovery

So he walked over the farm, and in a patch of meales, half a mile from where Walker had made his discovery, Honeyball came upon some more rock that looked as though it might contain gold. He had found what later turned out to be the rich "leader" of the Main Reef series.

Honeyball guessed nothing of this and took a piece of the rock

to a pioneer gold-miner who was prospecting in the neighbourhood. As soon as he saw the rock the pioneer exclaimed, "That's gold all right," and offered Honeyball five pounds for showing him where he had found it.

#### Great Gold Rush

Simple George Honeyball accepted the five pounds for a discovery worth astronomical millions. His aunt was not much wiser; she sold the farm for a mere £6000. Honeyball, however, was allowed a claim to work the gold, but he sold his claim later for £300.

His and Walker's discovery of the Main Reef, coming shortly after the discovery of the Confidence Reef by the pioneer Struben, caused a great gold rush to the Rand which led to the foundation of Johannesburg.

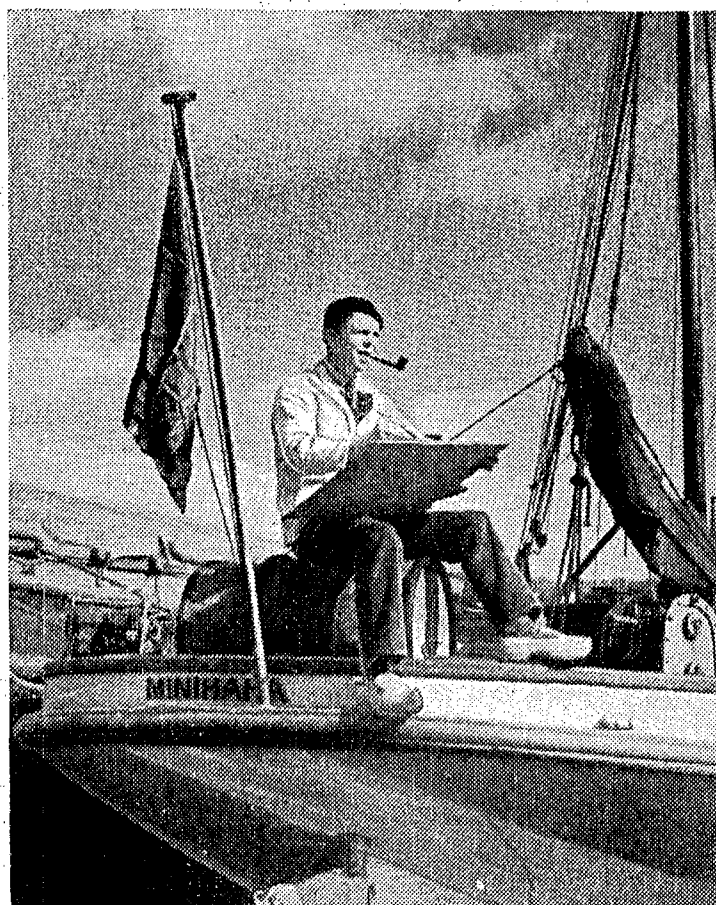
But Honeyball turned his back on the golden millions and made his way to Pretoria, where he set up a blacksmith's shop. Later he went still farther away from the goldfields and took a farm at Nylstroom, where, to eke out a poor livelihood, he also ran a small blacksmith's shop.

George Walker fared no better. He received a grant from the Chamber of Mines and died a poor man in 1924.

Honeyball never seems to have prospered. In 1932 he was living in a cottage near Johannesburg,

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## SAILOR ARTIST



Cor Vissor, the Dutch artist, has a floating studio—the 45-foot yacht Minihaha. Here we see him at work on the yacht while in Ipswich Docks.

## Thunder and Lightning

### HOW LONG DOES A FLASH LAST?

A SUGGESTION that cosmic rays may initiate thunderstorms has been put forward by Leonard B. Loeb, who is Professor of Physics at the University of California.

What this means in practice is that, while we should still have the thundery type of weather, lightning flashes would be very infrequent if there were no cosmic rays to initiate the flash.

Lightning consists of a "flash-over" between different parts of a cloud, or between cloud and earth. The electrical potential is built up by raindrops which are carried up to seven miles high in the heart of the thundercloud. The precise mechanism of this is not properly understood, but it is thought that very fine ice crystals may generate the electricity by friction.

According to Professor Loeb, the electricity would gradually disperse itself were it not for the action of the cosmic rays coming from outer space, which have the power of making the atmosphere conductive.

### 30,000 Degrees of Heat

When the cloud has reached a certain potential, which may be hundreds of millions to billions of volts, a cosmic ray particle ionises the air and initiates a "streamer"—a path of ions like a fine filament joining cloud to earth. Along this path the potential wave or "return stroke" of the main lightning flash passes from earth to cloud. The channel made by this stroke is rarely more than one inch wide, but the air inside this channel is heated to 30,000 degrees and expands explosively, giving the familiar sound of the thunder.

Though the lightning flash remains luminous for only 100 millionths of a second, the persistence of our vision makes it appear to last longer. A lightning flash can contain several billion kilowatts for a very short period, but if it were spread out over an hour it would scarcely keep an electric lamp glowing. For all that, it will vaporise No 12 copper wire, and lightning conductors must always be thicker than this, preferably three times as thick.

The sound of thunder does not carry as far as one would suppose—only seven miles.

## All in One Week

THERE are three things which a truly enthusiastic geologist must do in his lifetime, according to Professor A. K. Lobeck, an American delegate to the Seventh Pacific Science Congress which has just been held in New Zealand. And the Professor says he has done them all in one week. "I have been present at an eruption" (when Mt Ngarruhoe blew up), got thrown out of my bed by an earthquake, and rode for about an hour on a glacier."

### Helicopter Loops the Loop

DURING a recent test-flight at Martin, Pennsylvania, a helicopter designed for naval flying looped the loop. It is believed to be the first time that a rotating-wing aircraft has performed this feat—but it was done by accident!

The pilot, a veteran of the American Air Force, was pulling out of a dive at high speed when he applied the controls too violently and suddenly found the aircraft nose up in a vertical position. Deciding immediately that the only thing to be done was to carry on, the pilot successfully completed the loop which he had begun accidentally—to the amazement of the spectators looking on.

## COIN OF MYSTERY

GEORGE SANDLE, a pupil at the village school of Castle Acre, Norfolk, found a mysterious coin in a field and took it to his headmaster, who in turn sent it to Norwich Castle Museum for enlightenment.

The reply states that the coin was sent to the British Museum and has been returned with this information: "The coin is identified as an imitation of a Venetian sequin made for export to Africa, where they are, or were until recently, in great demand as ornaments. It dates from the late 19th century at the earliest, and was made by a firm called John Cook & Sons, whose name appears in a Latinised form on the coin as Joannes Coquus eius filii que."

How the coin was lost in Castle Acre is anybody's guess.

## TRAINING THE DYAKS OF BORNEO

DYAKS, in the Sarawak interior of Borneo, live in "long houses," constructed in accordance with a plan handed down through generations, which shelter from ten to 60 families under one roof. These long houses are from ten to 20 feet above the ground, and all refuse is dropped through the floor to the ground below, where the pigs and poultry deal with it.

Now, to encourage a better way

of life, the Sarawak Rural Improvement School has taken 60 young married couples from long houses in many districts for a two-year course. They will learn to read and write in their native language, elementary hygiene, child welfare, and improved methods of animal husbandry. When they go back they will be expected to spread their newly-gained knowledge throughout their respective long houses.

## HAND IN HAND



Three young competitors in the Hastings Musical Festival enjoy a scamper along the beach while waiting to take their place in the dancing display.



## 2 TO VETO OR NOT TO VETO?

### The Question For the United Nations

ONCE again the attention of the world is being focussed on the United Nations. As the General Assembly continues its work at Lake Success, New York, this week the question is being asked in every country: Is this meeting, too, going to be a scene of quarrels with but few problems solved?

As C.N. readers will remember, many highly contentious matters were left over from the autumn meeting in Paris, where in three months no fewer than 1800 hours were devoted to all manner of discussions. We may therefore in New York, too, witness long and heated arguments.

Take, for instance, the so-called veto question. The right to veto—that is, the right to stop the action of the Security Council—was given in the U.N. Charter to each of the five permanent members of the Council (Britain, U.S.A., France, U.S.S.R., and China) simply because it was clear you cannot force any of these Powers to do something without causing a new general war.

But, of course, it was understood that the veto was to be used only in the gravest cases. Yet one permanent member of the Security Council—Russia—has used the veto, not in the gravest of cases, but almost on any subject which displeased it. It is no exaggeration to say that, more than anything else, this indiscriminate use of the veto has undermined the stability and influence of the United Nations.

#### Closer Consultation

Against this background we shall all watch with interest the new veto debate. The Western Powers now propose that the right to veto Security Council decisions shall not be used in certain specified cases.

A Russian resolution, however, underlines the importance of the veto, which, its movers state, should not be restricted. There should, they hold, be more and closer consultation so as to avoid the need for veto. How this can be achieved in view of the wide differences between East and West no one can tell.

Another item on the agenda

### What to Eat in the Jungle

A book being issued to British troops details the various foods available in the jungles of the Far East, and the best way to prepare them. Called "Far Eastern Survival, Land and Sea," its guiding principle is, "Anything the monkeys eat will be safe for you."

Among vegetables, the most important is the sweet potato, which grows rather like a vine; the young shoots and leaves are delicious when boiled, and the tuber may be eaten raw, though it is more palatable when boiled or roasted.

Almost all ferns are safe to eat, and the young shoots of bamboo may be eaten raw, while drinking water can be obtained from the thick stems of older bamboos. There are also coconuts, and the terminal buds of palms, seaweeds, and water lilies.

For the meat ration there is a choice of lizards, snakes, frogs, ants, beetles, grasshoppers, and crickets. The hind quarters and tail of the lizard are best. For the sweet there is tapioca, which grows all over the Far East.

in which Russia is prominent is a complaint by Chile that Russian wives of foreigners are not being allowed to leave Russia with their husbands. Chile states that this is a breach of fundamental human rights, and there is little doubt that most delegates will agree.

In addition to these important legal questions, a host of urgent political matters await the Assembly's decision. And each matter is full of difficulties.

#### A Formidable List

It is a formidable list, including: the Greek civil war, the Indonesian-Dutch trouble, the Palestine question, the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, problems of Atomic Energy, admission of new Members, and the appointment of a Governor for the Free Territory of Trieste.

And then come problems left to us by Nazi Germany, in particular that of refugees and displaced persons. There is still a tug of war between the Eastern countries wishing the refugees and DPs to return to their homelands and the West standing strictly in defence of the refugees' free will to return or not. As the overwhelming majority of refugees and DPs have refused to go back it has to be decided what to do with them, where to settle them, how to turn them again into useful and happy members of the free communities.

Even this brief summary of the tasks facing the New York Assembly of the United Nations shows that there will be considerable argument. But perhaps we need not despair unduly, for, after all, argument is the essence of democracy, and it is only in an atmosphere of free discussion that the cause of justice and peace can finally triumph.

### GOLDFIELD

Continued from page 1

only three miles from the place where he had made his discovery. There he himself was "discovered," in actual danger of destitution; anonymous gifts placed him in better circumstances.

In 1936 they took 80-year-old George Honeyball, now a white-bearded figure with bright blue eyes, to see Johannesburg's Golden Jubilee Exhibition. The old man, cheerful and happy because he was no longer in fear of want, gazed in wonder at the column representing, at that time, three years output from the Rand—£2200,000,000.

The old pioneer does not seem to have been bitter or envious; perhaps he had something worth more than all the gold ever mined, a contented spirit.

### Animals in Books

AN exhibition of books about animals has been opened in Paris at the library of the Palais de Chaillot, where the United Nations held their General Assembly last year. The exhibition was suggested by the French novelist, M. Elain Pinbert, who wrote *La Vie du Chameau* (The Life of the Camel).

## Electing the Councils

LOCAL elections never seem quite as exciting as the nationwide Parliamentary elections which send M.P.s to Westminster. Now all that will change.

Under last year's Representation of the People Act all local elections will be held around the same period. Elections for county councils, including the L.C.C. (April 7), take place this week. All the rest—borough (including Metropolitan London borough), urban, rural, and parish councils, and all the Scottish types of council—fall due between May 3 and 14. Voting will be for the whole of the county councillors and Metropolitan borough councillors, and for one-third of the borough, county borough, and district councillors.

This is quite a revolution. We have all got used to November as the month when boroughs and county boroughs elect their councillors and their mayors. But, after all, we have only to recall the usual November weather to see how unsuitable a month it is for election workers and voters. Now, for the first time, we are to have all our Vote-for-Smith speeches at a season when fine days are more usual.

#### Guide to the Future

Politicians attach much importance to the outcome of these campaigns, believing that they will indicate the sort of central government we shall have "next time"; they regard them as a rehearsal for the next Parliamentary election, which cannot take place later than May 1950.

Perhaps the most important point is the measure of agreement, or disagreement, these elections will show about the trend of events since 1945 which, through nationalisation and other measures, have modified the scope of local government.

For instance, most hospitals have been taken over by the State. Trams and buses, 350 electricity and 275 gas undertakings have been taken out of local control. So has public assistance. And smaller councils have lost to larger ones (with certain exceptions) responsibility for planning, as well as for police forces and fire brigades and certain types of schools.

The machinery for these "pocket General Elections" is governed by two main Acts. The 1945 Representation of the People Act added 7,000,000 electors to the local government roll: it gave a local vote to all British citizens over 21 who also had a Parliamentary vote.

#### Vote Register

Voting will be on the basis of a register published on October 15 of last year. The 1948 Act did away with the business vote in Parliamentary elections, but people can vote in another area for a local councillor if they own or occupy any land or property in that area which is valued not less than £10 a year. Service voters can record their votes by proxy, as at General Elections. Another interesting point is that parish councils must be elected by nomination, and not at parish meetings.

But such excitement as we may expect this week if Father "stands for the council" is tempered by the law. It is illegal for a candidate to pay for bands, music, torches, flags, or banners.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

#### LONG GLIDE

A new world record for a sustained glider flight, 44 hours 17 minutes, has been made by M. Guy Marchand. The former record was 38 hours 21 minutes.

April 30, Queen Juliana's birthday, is to be a public holiday in Holland.

A light plane settled on the frozen Lake Helen, Ontario, Canada, and was attacked and damaged by wolves.

The Liberal Party aims at having 600 candidates in the next General Election.

#### Wagogo Go to School!

An all-African school for children of the Wagogo people in the Kongwa groundnut area of Tanganyika has been opened. The two teachers are a Wagogo and his wife, both fully trained.

When the Duchess of Kent visited a York hospital she spoke to foreign patients in Polish, German, and French.



The hostesses of the Children's Zoo at Regent's Park, line up for an inspection at the opening of Pet's Corner.

During Pedestrian Crossing Week at Southall, Middlesex, the Council are arranging to photograph shoppers, and prizes will be awarded to those who cross roads correctly.

The Danish Parliament has voted in favour of Denmark's joining the Atlantic Pact.

#### TWO BITES

On fields near Bordeaux, recently, a fox crept up to a shepherd and his dog who were lying asleep and bit them both.

It is hoped that the Queen's Hall, London, long famous for the Proms, will be rebuilt in time for the Festival of Britain in 1951.

A cadet in the Merchant Navy threw overboard a letter, sealed in a bottle, from his ship at Antwerp. It reached his home at Beckenham, Kent, in five days.

Exeter Corporation have forbidden the printing on their bus tickets of advertisements of book-makers, pools, and greyhound tracks.

#### Keeping It Up

Mrs Doris Acosta, aged 20, of Columbus, Ohio, has flown a six-penny kite for 20 hours at the end of 5000 feet of string.

Schoolgirls of the Dockland Settlements at Canning Town recently presented to the Duke of Edinburgh, as gifts for Prince Charles, an embroidered bib and a bangle made from thimbles.

Lord Rowallan is flying home from Australia in time to lead Britain's Scouts in their national "Bob a Job" week, April 18 to 23, to earn money to keep Scout-ing going.

The Ely education authority, Cambridgeshire, has drawn up a code of conduct for invigilators—officials whose duty is to see that there is no copying or talking in scholarship examination rooms. It was found that noise made by them distracted candidates.

#### 500-Year-Old Dispute

The question of the ownership of the Minquiers and Ecrehou reefs between Jersey and the French coast, about which there has been dispute since the Hundred Years War, is to be referred to the United Nations.

Eighteen experimental husbandry farms in England, Wales, and the Border country are to be worked by the National Advisory Service of the Ministry of Agriculture. They include a wide variety of conditions.

The lonely Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific now has its own Scout Group of four Wolf Cubs and three Scouts—every eligible boy. There is also a Guide Company of six Girl Guides and four Brownies.

A Swedish bus driver, Mr Gunnar Eichwurzel, who founded a conversation club in his own country, has been visiting Britain under the auspices of the British Council, to study labour and welfare conditions in the road transport industry, and also adult educational work.

#### Young Life-Savers

Senior boys and girls are to form the nucleus of a life-saving corps who will patrol the Thames at Richmond.

London Transport had an all-time record last year with 4700 million passengers.

The R.N.V.R. training ship, H.M.S. Chrysanthemum, has left the Victoria Embankment, London, for the first time for ten years. She was towed to Chatham by three tugs for a refit which will last for some months.

British European Airways Corporation are to experiment with a new service between North and South Wales. The land route takes eight to ten hours; the air service one and a quarter.

The Customs Waterguard Preventive Service are to have back their old badge of a portcullis, which was a Customs badge in Tudor times. The new portcullis badge has a laurel leaf and a crown above.

#### GRUMBLING CLASS

At the recent Festival of Music and Drama of the Western Region railway staff there was a class for Logical Grumbling.

The restored organ of Canterbury Cathedral will be in use again on April 9.

Recent floods in Central Australia were the greatest ever known there by white men. It is expected that water will flow into Lake Eyre through the usually dry channels for the first time since 1890.

Under Platform 10 at Euston Station workmen have discovered part of a railway track 100 years old.

#### Please Don't Mix

The new coalfield 150 miles from Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, is 37 square miles in extent. In some places coal has been located only five feet below the surface. Slate has also been found there.



The Children's Newspaper, April 9, 1949



### Giving a Lift

Bambina, 12-year-old elephant of the Stockholm Zoo, takes her keeper's son for a ride on her trunk.

### SACRED STONES OF SCOTLAND

A piece of red granite has been carefully removed from the ruins of Iona Abbey and carried to France. There, in the Scottish Church in Paris, it has been placed behind the communion table so that the officiating minister will stand on a fragment from the site of the oldest Christian place in Scotland.

It was in 563 that St Columba crossed the sea from Ireland to build a Christian church on Iona. Although most Scots believe that Iona is the oldest place of Christian worship in Scotland, those who think that the Isle of Whithorn has the honour have suggested that a piece of rock from this island should also go to Paris. It was on the Isle of Whithorn about the year 397 that St Ninian, in a little cave at Glasserton, set up what is probably the very oldest place of Christian observance in Scotland.

### Heather Thatching

ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, who recently died at Inverness, at the age of 80, was one of the few remaining thatchers who could use heather. There are few heather thatchers left on the mainland of Scotland, and the small number in the islands is rapidly decreasing.

Heather thatch lasts a long time and is very neat; but heather, being springy and hard, is not so pliable as rush, and shorter than straw, so its use requires great skill and care.

### A MOUSE CROSSES THE ROAD

WE once wrote of a policeman holding up traffic in Whitehall, London, so that a family of ducks which had wandered from St James's Park could cross the road on their way home, but we never expected to record the story of City traffic being halted for a little mouse.

This did happen the other day—in Fenchurch Street, E.C. Passers-by saw the mouse scamper along the kerb and then begin to cross the busy street.

A police constable on point duty also saw it approaching him and at once held up buses, cars, and vans to let it scurry across in front of them.

When last seen, the frightened mouse was running along the gutter towards Aldgate Pump!

### ISANDHLAWANA RIFLE

A Zulu, Samson Ntuli, was brought to court recently at Vryheid and fined for being in illegal possession of a firearm and ammunition.

Samson said that he had been left the weapon by his father who had taken it when he was fighting with the Zulu impis at the battle of Isandhlawana in 1879, when a British force was massacred by the Zulus. The weapon was a carbine Martini-Henry, the barrel of which was corroded. Samson said that the carbine had never been used, but had been kept in the family as a souvenir.

### ONE GREAT HOUR

To raise two and a half million pounds in 24 hours to help suffering people in Europe and Asia—that was the aim of America's "one great hour," recently. Every radio station on the evening of March 26 broadcast an appeal to the American people along the lines of the sermon which every minister, in the 75,000 churches across the country, preached on Sunday, March 27. The programme was designed to dramatise the work of Christian Reconstruction in Europe.

### England v Scotland

THIS Saturday is one of the most important days in the season's soccer calendar, for England will be meeting Scotland at Wembley in the last of the season's international matches.

As with so many of our national sports, the matches between England and Scotland which have now assumed such importance started in a quiet way. The first game was played in November 1872, on the West of Scotland cricket ground at Partick. A crowd of 4000 watched the game, which ended in a goalless draw.

In all, 65 official internationals have been played between the Scots and the Sassenachs, and Scotland are leading by 29 victories to 20, with the remainder drawn. Whatever the result, however, the contest always provides a feast of first-class football, and even Wembley is too small to accommodate the great crowd who would like to watch it.

### Electric Jolts For Jumbo

GIVING a herd of wild elephants electric shocks seems a strange way of saving them from extinction, but this method is to be tried in an attempt to preserve the dwindling herd of elephants of the Addo bush near Port Elizabeth, South Africa. An electrified fence is to be erected in the hope that the shocks the elephants will get if they touch it will discourage them from wandering.

For these elephants, which belong to an interesting subspecies of the African elephant, often stray over farmlands, causing damage, and the farmers, quite naturally, wage war on the heavy-footed trespassers.

A problem which faces those who wish to save the elephants, however, is how strong must an electric shock be to make an elephant jump? This can only be discovered by experiment. So when the experimental electric fence is put up, the next thing will be to introduce the unsuspecting elephants to it. They will be led to it by a trail of oranges, and, as soon as these are in season, a trail of about 1000 oranges will be laid to that innocent-looking fence. The elephants will follow the juicy trail and, no doubt, lean against that silly little fence to knock it down—then they will get a surprise.

When the experts find out the strength of the current required to ward off the elephants, the whole area over which the herd roams will be fenced.

### LEARN TO BUILD

THOSE of us who are attracted by the idea of entering the building industry on leaving school will find some excellent advice in a new Choice of Careers booklet, Building (Stationery Office, 6d).

To become a building craftsman a boy needs to be good at arithmetic, drawing, and science. The most successful craftsmen are usually those who as schoolboys were neat, careful, and quick in practical subjects and hobbies. They must be handy with tools, and for some trades they must be able to turn out really accurate work. In addition, one must have "a good head for heights."

### FISHING WITH A SPADE

To go fishing with a spade would seem absurd, but that is what Dr C. L. Hubbs did in New Zealand recently. Moreover, he caught 24 fish with it.

Dr Hubbs, who is an American scientist, dug up a species of galexia which spends most of its time lying in mud at the base of ditches. He also found two new species of cockabully, which showed the scientists that there were many more evolutionary fish in New Zealand streams than was at first thought.

### SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW UNIVERSITY

THE Natal University College has been raised to the status of a University, and at the inauguration ceremony last month Dr A. J. Stals, Minister of Education, said: "The University of Natal will undertake a work of great consequence to the non-Europeans of South Africa. This work includes not only higher cultural work, but also the training of their own youth to equip them as medical practitioners and for other professional careers." He went on to say: "I assume that we are on common ground when I state that your University will concentrate on developing what is best and noblest in the respective races."

The motto of the University is, Stella Aurorae—Star of Dawn.

### Greatness Comes to Carenage

THE tiny fishing village of Carenage, not far from Port of Spain, in the island of Trinidad, has become the world's largest bauxite transfer point.

Because the bauxite (the raw material for aluminium) is mined near shallow rivers in Dutch Guiana where large ships cannot penetrate, there must be some central point where the river boats can transfer their cargo to ocean-going ships.

The American Alco Steamship Company selected Carenage as the most convenient spot.

The company plan to spend six million dollars on the work, and the dredging operations are almost complete. The transfer point will afford employment for 200 Trinidad workpeople.



### At the Organ

Twelve-year-old Samuel Edwards has been appointed organist at St Barnabas's Church, Bethnal Green, London.

### STOWAWAY

ONE of the best animal stories of America's hard winter concerns a horse.

A four-year-old mare belonging to a farm which had been left in charge of a friend during the owner's absence was found to be missing when a cattle check was made after a blizzard.

Some time later she was discovered in the corner of a cellar which she had invaded. Around were hundreds of broken jars of fruit and vegetables, the contents of which had disappeared, together with even the straw packing. The mare had been missing for 45 days, and apart from loss of weight she appeared none the worse for her adventure.

### Fragrant Memories

To provide a living memorial to the New Zealand soldiers who were killed in Crete during the Second World War the Auckland City Council are to send pohutukawa, kowhai, and kauri seeds to the Greek Government for planting on the island.

The pohutukawa, commonly called the New Zealand Christmas tree because it flowers in December, grows mainly along the rugged coasts of New Zealand, and in the summer months is a blaze of brilliant scarlet blossom. The kowhai is New Zealand's national flower—of a bright, rich yellow, and shaped like a curved parrot beak. The kauri is world-famous for its tall and upright trunk.

### STAMP NEWS

THE Cook Islands, dependencies of New Zealand in the South Pacific Ocean, are to have a new series of pictorial stamps (maps and island scenes) to replace those which have been in use since 1932.

VATICAN CITY is issuing a new set of 12 postage stamps—eleven views of the basilicas, and a likeness of the Pope.

SIR JOHN WILSON, Keeper of the King's stamps, is to write a book about the famous collection formed by King George V.

A SPECIAL stamp is to be issued in South Africa soon in honour of the centenary of the arrival of the first settlers in Natal.

FRANC PRESERN, the Slovene poet who died 100 years ago, is commemorated by three new Yugoslav stamps.

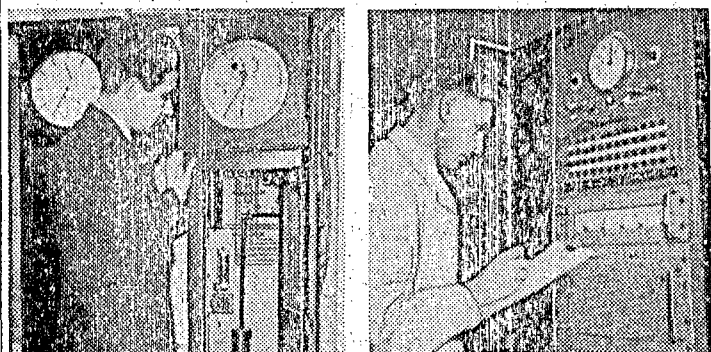


### Spring-Cleaning the Beach

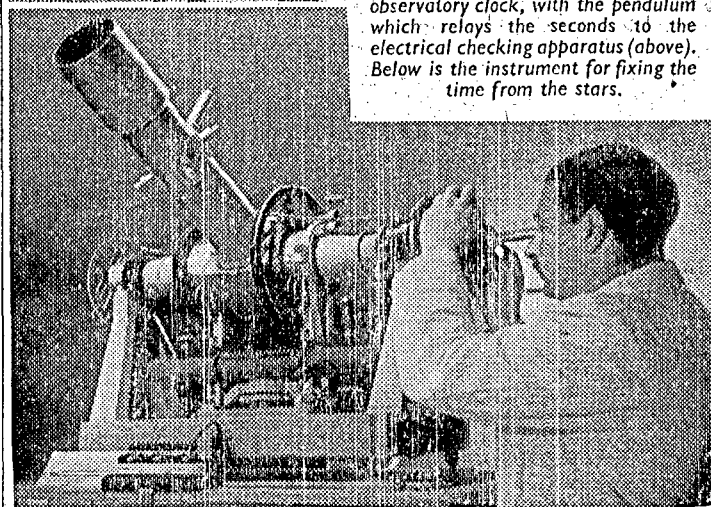
A man with a bulldozer re-surfaces the beach at Brighton with pebbles brought back from the sea.



## FIXING THE WORLD'S TIME



The radio "pips" now give us BST, but GMT remains constant. Top left: The century-old Greenwich observatory clock, with the pendulum which relays the seconds to the electrical checking apparatus (above). Below is the instrument for fixing the time from the stars.



C N ZOO CORRESPONDENT WRITES ABOUT . . .

## Busy Days For Marmots and a Treat For the Okapi

A BUSY time awaits two dozen marmots, or prairie dogs, which came to the London Zoo recently from America. Since their arrival these attractive little furry-coated animals have been kept in warm quarters at the sanatorium. But as soon as all danger of frost is past they will go on exhibition in the Main Garden, where the marmot enclosure, unoccupied for the past 18 months, has been prepared for them.

The enclosure, a small hillock near the parrot house, has been dug over, weeded, and the soil disinfected. But in the process gardeners unavoidably blocked up all the burrows made by previous generations of marmots. When the new colony take over, therefore, their first task will be to reopen the old runs, or excavate new ones. Not that this job will take them long. Marmots are as industrious as beavers, and a few days' labour on their part should see their underground "citadel" in working order. In any case, the hibernation chambers, which lie several feet below ground surface, have not been touched, and will probably need little attention to get them habitable again.

The new marmots will be worth watching, for there is nothing haphazard about their working routine. As soon as they have got their bearings, one animal will be posted on "look-out" duty. His job will be to squat upright on some log or other vantage-point, and warn the colony with a low-pitched whistle should danger appear to threaten.

The others will then get busy excavating, diving underground repeatedly and bringing up loose soil which they will then put into

position around the burrow-mouths, first by patting it with their paws and then ramming it down with their noses. When evening comes the industrious little labourers will "knock off work" and retire into their "fortress" for the night.

What the inside of this fortress is like no one knows, for it has remained undisturbed since these animals were first put in the enclosure about 25 years ago. Experts think, however, that it consists of scores of galleries and "chambers," all interconnected.

ONE of the luckiest animals in the Gardens just now is Buta, the okapi, who is enjoying his first bananas for nine years. The fruit is not part of his official rations (which these days consist mainly of carrot-tops, swedes, potatoes, and leaves) but has come to him by a stroke of good fortune.

Mr Perry, Buta's keeper, was returning from lunch one day and when outside Camden Town Underground Station chanced to kick something on the pavement.

"Picking it up, I found it was a bag of bananas," Mr Perry told me. "Well, I never did care much for bananas myself, and at once thought of Buta. Before the war he used to have as many as 30 bananas a day, and badly missed them when they disappeared from his menu. So now I am giving the okapi a few each day."

"Buta doesn't often show his feelings about things," added Mr Perry, "but his reactions to this treat are very amusing. He follows me about like a dog, and you can almost hear him 'asking for more!'" C. H.

THE HUT MAN TELLS US WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN . . .

## The Countryside in April

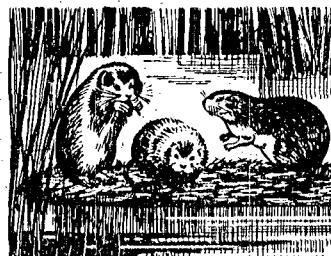
FEBRUARY and March were awakening months, when sleepers roused themselves and left sheltered homes in which they had spent the winter. Now the creatures of the countryside are very active indeed, for April is the first of the busy nursery months, and wherever we go, by wayside, field, and woodland, we see signs of family life or preparations for families still to come.

Young rabbits have now grown warm coats and are able to leave the fur-lined nursery. The woods are filled with bobbing white tails as the youngsters venture farther and farther from home, but they are still sadly ignorant of danger and many fall easy victims to the hunting stoat and farm cat.

Does the white tail, or "scut" of the adult act as a danger signal—a "rear-light"—to be followed in emergency by younger and less experienced rabbits? As we watch them racing for the burrow it is hard to say whether they are actually following one another—they may only be travelling along one or other of the definite little paths which radiate in all directions from the burrow mouth. This is one of Nature's problems to which we are still seeking the correct answer.

IN beech and pine wood the squirrels are now preparing their nursery or "drey," using, perhaps, the old nest of a magpie high up in a tall tree. Grass is used in the lining, and it is while they are collecting this that we shall get the best view of the busy little animals. If we approach carefully we may have some fun with them as well, for squirrels are among the most entertaining of creatures. Grubbing up the softest and driest blades, they stuff their mouths with balls of grass and race for the tree-top nursery, but startled by our sudden appearance one of the foragers may spring for the nearest tree and disappear behind the trunk.

We see no sign of the forager arriving among the branches, and we may even walk slowly round the tree without glimpsing so much as the tip of a bushy tail. Where has it gone? It is squirrel strategy to leap for the far side of a trunk, there to cling two or three feet from the ground till the interruption has passed; so if we are out with a companion let one of us stand still while the other slowly circles the tree. In this way the squirrel will be taken between two fires and will race for the first large bough, there to dance up and down, scolding with vexation at his trick having been discovered.



OVER at the pondside a very different nursery is being prepared by the water-vole, an attractive and inoffensive little creature which neither in appear-

ance nor habits deserves the all too common and quite incorrect name of water-rat. The nursery is usually placed at the end of the bank burrow, but we shall sometimes find it built of closely-woven reeds and grasses on a floating raft among the reeds and horsetails growing round the edge of the pond.

Even when the nursery is in the bank burrow we still often find these little floating platforms, for the water-voles use them as dining-tables, out of reach of the hunting weasel and stoat. The vole's eyesight is not very keen, so if we approach slowly and softly we may watch him towing juicy stems to his raft table, swimming underwater with a string of silvery bubbles in his wake, or gnawing at some tasty root growing from the bank.

THE nesting preparations of lapwings, or peewits, should be observed just now. In some cases the simple nest will have been completed and perhaps even contain eggs, but there will still be opportunities for watching the way in which the male bird persuades his mate to undertake nursery duties. Sinking forward on his breast, he shuffles round and round, scraping excitedly with his claws, and all the while uttering a curious ticking churr which will often be the first thing to attract our attention. If the watching female ignores this first hint her mate runs some distance off and begins another



"scrape," as the hollows are called, accompanied by the same peculiar dance and call.

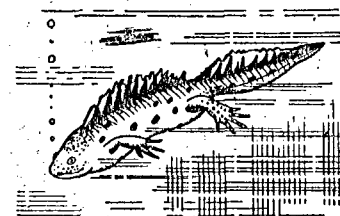
Sooner or later the female settles to work, and we shall find that her nest usually is formed in one of her husband's foundation hollows, all it requires being a few dry grasses or roots by way of lining.

We should also watch the wonderful display flights of lapwings at this time of year, as they climb, dive, twist, and tumble, their call ringing out with all the joy of spring and the nesting-time . . . peesweet-weet-weet—peesweet.

Yet another name for the lapwing is green plover for, although the birds look black-and-white when flying, their backs are a beautiful olive green which is very obvious as we watch them running on the ground. At such times, too, we should note the curious way in which the birds tilt forward when picking up food, as though their bodies were loosely hinged at the knees.

APRIL is the month when the warblers arrive back from their winter sojourn in the south. They are puzzling little brown birds to identify, for in shape and colour they are very much alike, but there is no difficulty in identifying the sweet trilling loveliness of warbler music. We shall hear it in almost every spinney and lane, and glimpse the tiny, delicate songsters as they flit shyly from stem to twig among the rising undergrowth.

DURING the winter months the newts were land dwellers, but now they are back in the pond where the females are preparing to lay their eggs among the leaves of aquatic plants. Sometimes the eggs are attached to stones and waterlogged sticks, but in such exposed positions



they are soon eaten by sticklebacks and other pond dwellers. If we wish to find newt eggs we must look for those which have been carefully hidden. The plan is to look, not for the eggs themselves, but for submerged leaves with suspiciously folded edges, for the mother newt having laid her eggs bends the leaf edge over them.

HUMBLE-BEES are now busy among the pollen-laden catkins of the willows. Some are large queens, still busy with the preparation of first nursery cells, but many of the buzzing throng are smaller worker bees, hatched from earlier broods and now helping to gather food for younger sisters still cradled in waxen cells.

Under the willows, where long grasses edge the laneside bank, the snails have unsealed the doorways of their shells and are wandering in slow patient search for food. On the lane itself we find their tracks, like narrow ribbons of mother-o'-pearl; for snails lay their own runners where the going is rough, and by means of the glistening paths are able to find their way home again when the night's hunting is over.

## THESE FISH ARE BAD MOTHERS

A young sub-postmaster at a post-office in Paddington has just become the proud foster-father of 100 Three-Spot Gouramis. They are tiny fish at the moment, but they will soon grow up, some into indulgent fathers, and some into mothers about whom the less said the better.

The Gourami is a ferocious fish of Indian and Malay origin, and the female, which produces 1000 eggs at a time, would gobble them up but for her husband. He is a bubble-nest fish, and blows little bubbles into which the eggs find their way, at the top of the water, as soon as they are hatched. He swims on guard outside the nests until the eggs hatch out and protects his small offspring from his greedy mate until they are agile enough to keep out of her way.

The Gourami is quite a fine-looking fish in shape and size, the male four to five inches long, the female smaller. But both lack the brilliant colour of many other tropical fish.

Make Sure of  
NEXT WEEK'S CN  
Place Your Order Now



# Treacherous Ocean Monsters From Greenland's Icy Mountains

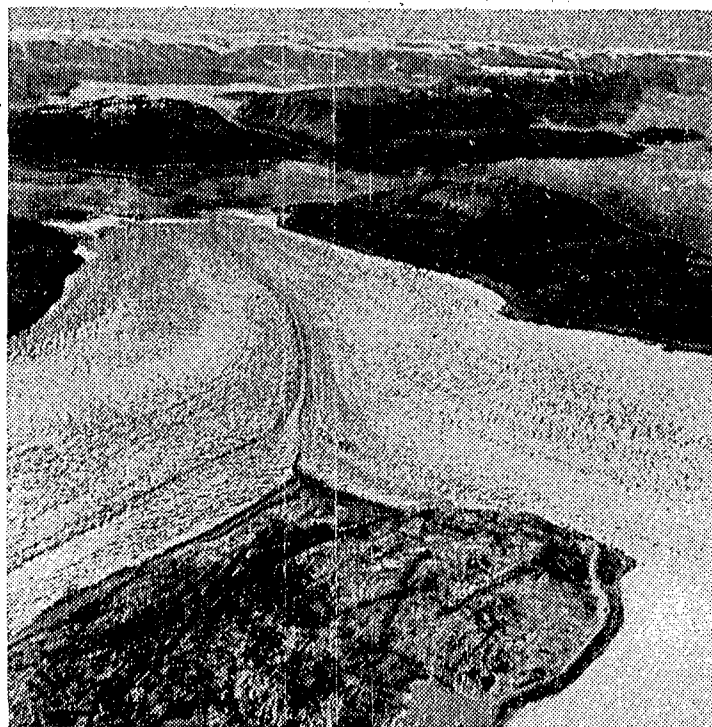
Not long ago the C.N. reported that the men of the International Ice Patrol, North Atlantic, were on their way to their annual watch on the fleets of icebergs drifting south in order to warn shipping of the bergs' positions. These pictures show something of how the floating hills of ice that threaten ships come into existence and how the danger is met.

GREENLAND, that huge island with an area of 827,300 square miles, is the source of these icebergs, for seven-eighths of its area is covered by an ice-cap which lies on a plateau from 9000 to 10,000 feet above sea level. The average depth of the ice-cap is 1000 feet, but it exceeds 7000 feet in certain valleys. Down these valleys creep glaciers. How wide some of them are can be realised from the first photograph on this page, for this was taken at a distance of ten miles by an airman flying two miles high.

Here two glaciers are uniting to form one huge stream of ice moving slowly down to a fiord where vast chunks will break away from the edge of the glacier to form icebergs. Under tremendous pressure from the Greenland ice-cap behind it, the glacier's movement may be as much as 50 feet in a day.

It is not until spring that the icebergs break off, and the total from all Greenland's glaciers in one season may amount to 1500. Another of our pictures, also taken from a height of two miles and a distance of ten, shows a dangerous family of newly-born bergs. Though appearing so small in the photograph some of the bergs may be 7000 feet thick and contain 20 million tons of ice. Even some of the smaller bergs seen in the picture may be larger than the one which, in 1912, sank the 46,000-ton liner Titanic with a loss of 1517 lives.

It was this disaster that started the International Ice Patrol. The men, cutters, aeroplanes, and helicopters for this service are provided by the United States Coast Guard, but all maritime countries using the North Atlantic help to defray its cost, paying amounts varying according to the tonnage of their shipping on the iceberg routes.



Two glaciers uniting to form one huge stream of ice

The vigilant patrolmen watch the icebergs—which sometimes pass one point in the ocean at the rate of 500 in ten hours—until about July when the last of the giants has melted in the warmer southern waters of the Gulf Stream—the fate of them all.

IN the earlier days of the Ice Patrol unsuccessful attempts were made to break up the icebergs with high explosives. Once the patrolmen thus tackled a mighty berg whose top could be seen 20 miles away, the iceberg being 267 feet above the water. It was 512 feet long, and so fantastically shaped that it looked like a fairy palace of ice. But it could have crumpled a good ship like a paper boat.

The patrolmen set about it with an explosive called TNT. The resounding explosions made little impression on the ice fortress, merely breaking off chunks. One warm day would have accomplished as much. Eventually the berg reached the Gulf Stream where the water was 52 degrees Fahrenheit. There this colossus soon disappeared.

descending a helicopter belonging to the Patrol, might be compared with a ragged mushroom.

How close to an iceberg the small vessels of the Patrol dare venture is seen in our picture where the coastguard cutter Tahoe is boldly passing between the double peaks of an iceberg which are joined beneath the surface, for about nine-

tenths of an iceberg is below water. It was the submerged part of an iceberg that sank the Titanic. An officer saw a small berg ahead and ordered the ship to stop; less than a minute later the underwater part of the berg had torn open the liner's steel plates.

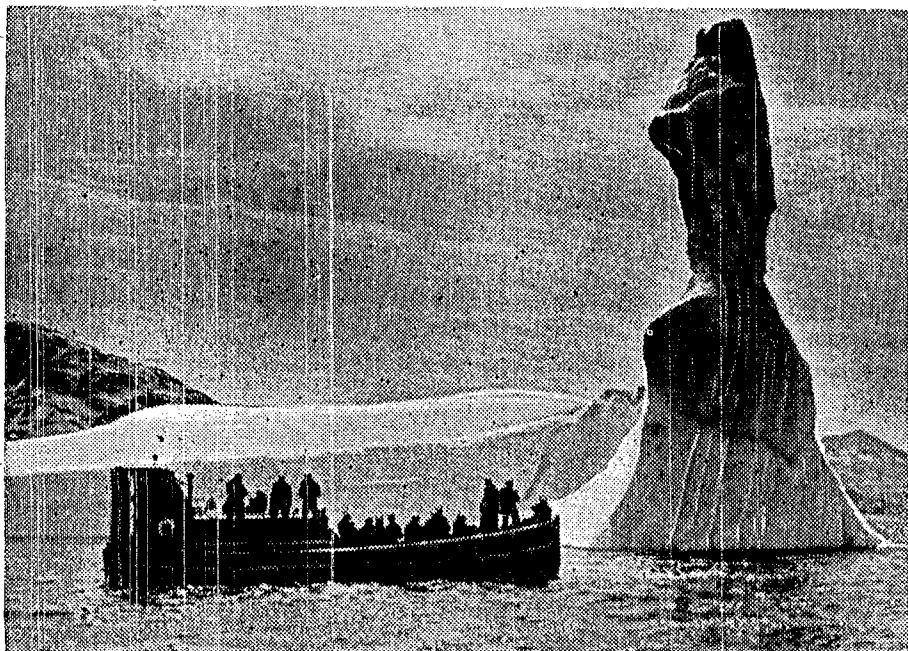
Many similar tragedies must have been averted by the patient work of the Ice Patrol.



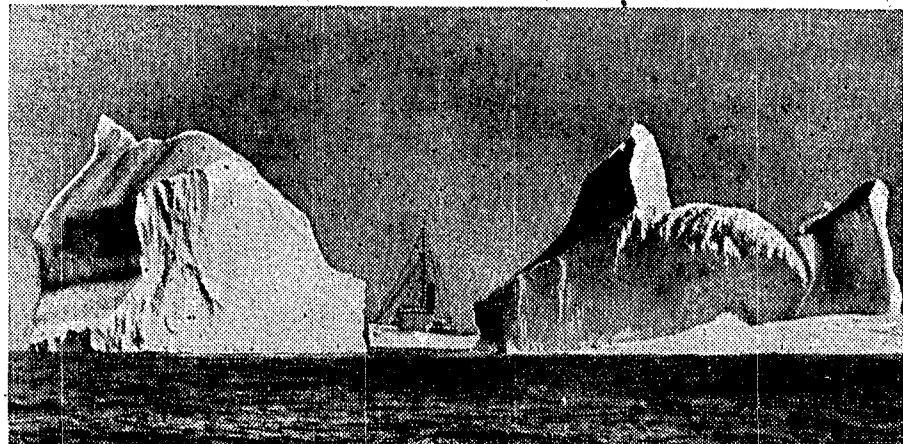
An airman's view of a family of newly-born bergs



A helicopter among some quaintly-formed ice pinnacles



Men from a coastguard cutter inspect the towering column of an iceberg



The coastguard cutter Tahoe passing between the double peaks of an iceberg



April 9, 1949

The Children

## Penijap on the Pond



This is the story of a boat seen on a London pond by a CN correspondent—a far-from-ordinary boat.

I was walking past the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens the other day when I saw a very strange craft out of the corner of my eye. At first I thought it was some contraption built by children. A second glance showed me that the boat had a sail very similar to that on an Arab dhow, while the hull seemed to be made of three nondescript pieces of wood, tied alongside each other with bits of string, and odd sticks of some kind. A third glance some two or three minutes later really surprised me. The ship was half-way across the pond, sailing straight as an arrow, passing a large yacht flying the pennant of the pond's racing yacht club and making her look like a fishing boat.

### The Ship's Owner

I ran to try and arrive at the other side in time to see her come in and found that she belonged to an elderly gentleman who seemed to understand exactly how to sail her. At closer quarters the ship still looked very strange. There was a central hull, which was hollowed like a dug-out canoe and on each side of the hull were outriggers or pieces of solid wood of the same shape attached to the central portion by cross pieces of bamboo lashed down with some form of twine. More pieces of bamboo were tied across the stern of the model to form a kind of seat. She was about 3 feet long.

"That," said her owner, in reply to my inquiries, "is a Penijap. She's a Siamese boat." And then he told me that he bought the Penijap for half-a-crown at a country house sale. It was all in

pieces and he had spent a long while putting it together again. Since then he has been offered £150 for it, but refuses to sell.

The Siamese have always been very keen sailors and yachtsmen, and for racing and river fishing they still use a type of outrigger dug-out canoe which carries a sail—one of the most ancient types of ship still to be found. But the canoe with two outriggers is very rare.

### Second Outrigger

At the beginning of the 19th century a bright young designer suggested to the King of Siam, a keen racing man, that the addition of a second outrigger to a racing boat would give greater stability and permit the helmsman to take chances in a strong wind which he could not afford in a normal single outrigger.

King Chan was afraid that it would mean losing too much speed in light winds and asked to see a scale model for testing purposes. The designer immediately set to work and managed to produce a model which could sail before the wind at only 3 mph slower than the speed of the wind itself. The king was delighted and ordered a full-sized ship of this type, called a Penijap.

It proved enormously successful—so successful that other members of the court built Penijaps and the single outriggers found themselves so outclassed that the king eventually decided to bar the Penijap from regattas in order to preserve the sport in its traditional and more skilful form.

And the model Penijap I had been watching on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens was the one originally made for King Chan of Siam!

## RECRUITS FOR IRON AND STEEL

THE British Iron and Steel Federation has announced a scheme for the complete training of new recruits to the industry. An exhibition just held at Middlesbrough was designed to show boys and parents the good prospects for future workers in iron and steel; and it was the first of a series to be held at similar great centres, such as Sheffield, Scunthorpe, Glasgow, Swansea, and Manchester.

The scheme is intended to give recruits the opportunity to see the industry as a whole between the time they leave school and

the age of 21. Recruits will be paid as soon as they start and will gain experience of different jobs and visit different departments to discover which best suits them. Technical schooling will be given in employers' time, and boys in small firms will be able to enlarge their experience by going to other firms. There will also be opportunities to study technique abroad.

It is hoped to convince parents and teachers that the production side of heavy industry offers great opportunities and a secure future.

## THE LURE OF WOOKEY HOLE

MAN has penetrated farther into that vast series of caverns in the Mendip Hills, Somerset, known as Wookey Hole.

Last year divers entered the ninth of the series and, using this big cavern as a base of operations, they passed into a small cavern and thence into one far vaster and entirely submerged by the waters of the River Axe, which flows out into the open close by.

The floor of this eleventh cavern descends to so great a depth that the divers were halted when they reached a depth of 25 feet owing to their lack of adequate oxygen-breathing equipment.

### Life Long Ago

Wookey Hole is one of the most remarkable caves in Britain and its exploration during the past 60 years is itself a romantic story. Its hero was Herbert Balch, a postmaster of Wells, who spent his life in probing into its secrets. Under debris in the low-roofed entrance chamber he found the weaving instruments, querns, ornaments of bone and bronze, and iron billhooks of an ancient British family.

A hundred yards farther in he found the skeleton of a woman, and nearby a ball of crystallised stalagmite polished by constant handling and probably a magical object. There had long been a legend that the cave was the abode of a witch.

Balch's most exciting adventure was in 1934 when the River Axe sank to so low a level that he was able to row into a cavern so lofty that he could not see the roof, even with two powerful electric lamps. Yet on the walls the light revealed the initials of two people and the date 1611.

So Mr Balch, after all, was not the first to explore this magnificent series of caves with their roofs glistening with stalactites.

### Scotland's Peat

THE Scottish Peat Development Association plans to reclaim stretches of shallow peat land for agricultural purposes in Ayrshire and Lanarkshire.

The first fruit to be planted will be Canadian blueberries, which flourish on acid soil and are grown on peat lands in Canada. The bushes will be planted this spring.

Meanwhile, experts have been discussing new uses for peat, two million acres of which lie on the surface of Scotland.

### WORKERS' PARADE



A stone-mason carving heraldic devices on the Victoria Tower at the Houses of Parliament, London.

## The Editor's Table

### FREEDOM OF ENGLAND

THE House of Commons have been discussing the National Parks Bill as the English Spring again unfolds its loveliness. Another big step is thus taken towards preserving the glory of the countryside and opening up many acres of natural beauty long closed to the wanderer.

It is all like a dream coming true. For years have pioneers campaigned and agitated for the preservation of glorious stretches of country, such as the Lake District, the Yorkshire Dales, North Wales, Dartmoor, the South Downs, and the Peak District; for the beauty of these places is a national heritage which could be marred for ever by unregulated building and road-making. In that campaign the CN has been proud to play its part.

ENGLAND'S youth may now look forward to exciting journeys of exploration in the remoter wilds of our land. The mountain top, the quiet dale, and the windy moor will be free to everyone. But this new freedom will bring responsibilities. To secure National Parks will be a great triumph, and it will be for the people of Britain to see that they treat these areas with respect.

ENGLAND'S people are to be given the freedom of England—and this, under the Bill, applies also to Wales and the Welsh. There will be trails and tracks for all who wish to strike them. Places famous in history and legend will reveal their secrets to all who seek them. The romance of the past becomes a romance of the present. It will be an honourable task for the people of today to pass on the new freedom unsullied to the people of the future.

### April

SEE the soft green willow springing  
Where the waters gently pass,  
Every way her free arms flinging  
O'er the moss and reedy grass.  
Long ere winter blasts are fled,  
See her tipped with vernal red,  
And her kindly flower displayed  
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail  
her,  
Patiently she droops awhile,  
But when showers and breezes  
hail her,  
Wears again her willing smile.  
Thus I learn Contentment's  
power  
From the slighted willow bower,  
Ready to give thanks and live  
On the least that Heaven may  
give.

John Keble

### YOUTH AND AGE

I HAVE often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged.

S. T. Coleridge

## SWITCHING ON BRITAIN'S LIGHTS

MANY boys and girls will be gazing in wonder at the cheerful new lighting that has begun to appear in our towns after dark. For the younger ones cannot remember the days before the war when towns sparkled with illuminated advertisements, neon signs, and streets were more brilliantly lit than some of their homes, and seaside promenades had fairy strings of lights.

The lights are going up again because the restrictions on the use of electricity for shop windows, advertisements, and display lighting have been removed. Increased coal supplies have justified this extra production of electricity.

It is another step away from the gloomy wartime restrictions. However, much of the apparatus that made our bigger cities gay with coloured lights has become unserviceable from long disuse. Let us hope it is soon put in order again, or new equipment installed, so that we can have the light that chases away gloom.

### John Bunyan Link in Danger

AT Elstow, Bedfordshire, where John Bunyan lived, the ancient Moot Hall is in danger of decay. At least £3000 is needed to repair the roof alone.

The lower part of this picturesque building was once occupied by shops and, as a scene of brisk trade, is believed to have inspired Bunyan to write the *Vanity Fair* episode of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Unless a public fund can be raised, this beautiful link with the Immortal Tinker will eventually become a ruin and be lost for ever to the English-speaking world. Bedfordshire's people cannot be expected to take on themselves the whole burden of saving this precious bit of England's story, and it is the duty of all lovers of John Bunyan to come to the rescue.

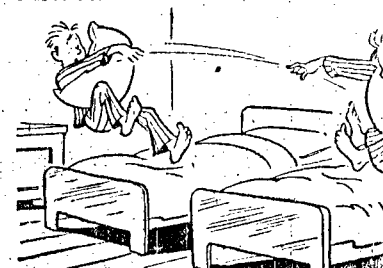
## Under the E

FOOD sales are lower. But everything can't be under the counter.

MOTORISTS will be able to drive twice as far this summer with their coupons. Won't they have to give them up to get the petrol?

A FAMOUS singer was shut out of his flat. Couldn't find the right key.

MEAT has been cut by twopence. But a sharp knife is more effective.



SOME twins never quarrel except when they fall out.



## Perfection is Difficult

We all know the difficulty of getting a fresh pear which is just right for eating, and it was interesting to read the playful advice given on the subject recently by Judge Scobell Armstrong.

"The only way to ensure that pears are eaten at the moment of perfection," he said, "is to hang them up by their tails in a dark room, sit up all night with them, and eat them as they ripen."

Unfortunately, sitting up all night and eating ripe pears might lead to lying down all the next day with stomach-ache. Perhaps it is better to let the pears go hang. After all, a good night's rest is never fruitless.

## THE DAY IS NEARER

The following words, full of rich, deep meaning for mankind today, came not from a modern statesman, as might be thought, but from the far-seeing Victor Hugo.

"A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, will be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their industries, their arts, their genius; clearing the earth, peopling the desert, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting for the good of all these two irresistible and infinite powers, the Fraternity of men and the Power of God."

That message of hope was written by the great French visionary in 1849, just a hundred years ago. This year of 1949, with the signing of the Atlantic Pact, brings its fulfilment appreciably nearer.

## JUST AN IDEA

As Edmund Burke said, Our patience will achieve more than our force.

## Editor's Table

PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW

If a headmaster's  
cane is a striking  
object

PORK is in the news. Housewives would rather have it in the oven.

HORSE-RIDING means more than getting on a horse. It means getting on with a horse.

A LITTLE meat can go a long way. It reaches us from the Argentine.

A LONDON steepjack climbed the 300-foot spire of Norwich Cathedral. Fell up to it.

A LADY flew a kite for twenty hours. Above the average.

## THINGS SAID

I AM particularly glad to come to America to express the thanks we all feel on the other side in many nations for what she is doing for the world.  
Mr Winston Churchill

MODERN Europe, like ancient Greece, must achieve unity or perish.

Mr Harold Macmillan, M P

MIGHT by itself can never be right but weakness can often be wrong.

Lord Pakenham

THE immense prestige this country enjoys in Europe is perhaps not fully realised by Englishmen who do not go abroad.

Lord Selborne

THE smile of greeting is one of Nature's most elementary instruments to open the way to understanding.

Dr J. C. Spence

## Green Fingers

How many readers of the CN have "green fingers," that pleasant quality which marks you as one who does well with gardens and greenery?

Many gardeners are born that way, but many more are made, and in recent years many women and girls have been finding healthy occupations in horticulture and agriculture. More women registered last year as horticultural workers than ever before. Some of them were members of the Land Army, but many came to learn about the soil and what grows in it.

Our country is "land minded" more than it has ever been. What will grow, and what will not, is important for the suburban gardener as for the big farmer. "Green fingers" are needed everywhere, and it is comforting to those not born with them to be told that they can cultivate them.

## MERRY SEASONS

WHEN the merry lark doth gild  
With his song the summer  
hours,  
And their nests the swallows  
build  
In the roofs and tops of towers,  
And the golden broom-flower  
burns  
All about the waste,  
And the maiden May returns  
With a pretty haste—  
Then, how merry are the times!  
The Summer times! the Spring  
times!  
W. B. Procter

## The Best Gift

COURAGE is the best gift of all; courage stands before everything. It is what preserves our liberty, safety, life, and parents, our country and children. Courage comprises all things: a man with courage has every blessing.

Plautus

## FOR EVER

FORWARD, forward let us range,  
Let the great world spin for  
ever down the ringing grooves  
of change.

Tennyson

## Making-Do in the Lab

THE difficulties of many European schoolboys and girls are illustrated by this picture. A Polish girl in her science classroom is using a "Bunsen burner" ingeniously made from an ink-bottle to heat a chemistry retort made out of an old electric light bulb.

The picture was taken by Mr David Seymour, an American, in the course of the tour he was making for Unesco of war-shat-



tered countries. In Poland, Hungary, Greece, Italy, and Austria he saw overworked teachers fighting with enthusiasm and resource against shortage of school supplies. They were making calorimeters out of empty corned beef tins, and building optical instruments from raw macaroni. In some schools three children shared one desk and also shared textbooks.

## BUYING A ZOO

THERE is a big game farm in Kenya that is ready to supply you with a private zoo. A pair of hippos, delivered at Nairobi railway station or aerodrome will cost you £2000 each. Delivery at Mombasa is £100 extra.

An African elephant can be bought for £800, and rhinos from £1000 to £1250 each.

Giraffes and zebras range from £100 to £300 each, hyenas are £30, and bushbuck £50. But buffalo calves sell at £100 each and wildebeeste at £125.

Do you want a baboon or a chimpanzee? The price is anything from £15 to £125, according to size and age. And birds are obtainable, too—from £5 for a guinea fowl to £40 for a flame-crested pelican.

In addition to these charges there are the costs of transport to be borne by the purchaser. So in the circumstances a visit to a public zoo may be preferred!

## LIVINGSTONE'S NOTEBOOK

### Echoes of an Epic Journey

A FADED and battered little notebook has come to light after being hidden for fifty years. It is the one used by David Livingstone in his first great exploration in Africa, the journey which led him across the Dark Continent and back again. The precious notebook was found in Scotland among papers belonging to the last surviving members of Livingstone's family, and Dr James Macnair, of the Livingstone Memorial at Blantyre, realising how valuable it was, sent it for examination to the London Missionary Society.

Called an "improved metallic book," the notebook has on its fly-leaf a pocket almanac for 1853, when Livingstone arrived at Linyanti after a year of walking from the south. In faded pencil there are entries noting the number of slaves and the number of free people. Livingstone was an exact observer and note-taker. He also counts the oxen and goats on his way.

### Grass For His Bed

In November 1853 the book must have been in Livingstone's pocket as his canoe moved out of the Chobe River into the wide Zambezi. It was the hottest time of the year, and the canoe men could paddle only in the early morning and just before sunset. His faithful Makololo men would cut a little grass for his bed and put up the poles of his tent, while the head canoe men fixed up his bed at the door of the tent.

Scattered over the pages of the book are lists of words which Livingstone noted as he went along. He notes the native words for thief, lamp, watch, cattle, and tale-bearer. One sketch drawn in ink across two pages shows the meeting of the Zambezi with the Chobe, with the marks indicating how many days it took him to move stage by stage up the river. As he penetrates deeper into the heart of the continent he gratefully records five and a half hours' sleep.

It took Livingstone two years to do the 1500 miles to Loanda on the west coast, and then he started out on the return journey which took him across the continent to Quilimane on the east coast.

### The Pencil He Used

The little notebook went with him for his occasional notes. But by the time he set out it was almost full, so Livingstone got some plain, blue paper and cut it to the size of the book, and with needle and thread sewed the leaves into position. He put the needle and thread into the book's pocket, and they are still there. So is the stump of pencil he used, and a faded leaf he picked by the way.

There are jottings he made at the Victoria Falls when he approached the lip of the terrifying abyss in a canoe while the "smoke" rose in clouds and the noise was like thunder. In some daily entries he notes "rains," "rains," and on some pages there are faded splodges which might easily be large raindrops which fell as he wrote.

One of Livingstone's amusements according to the many entries in the book was measuring elephants. He notes an elephant's trunk: seven feet two inches in a straight line, and sixteen inches across the top. An elephant's neck is forty-five inches round, its chest ten feet four inches, its forefoot is forty-four inches round the edges.

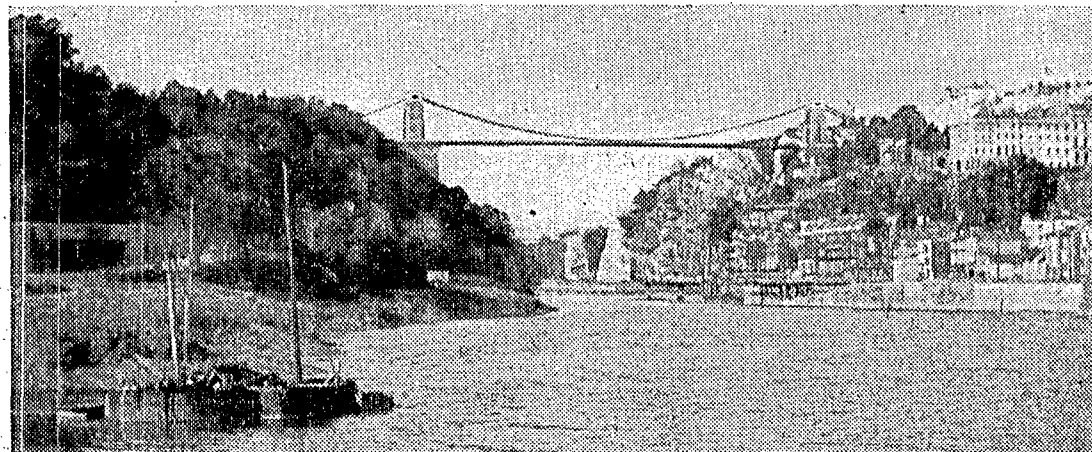
### The Personal Link

Carried across the heart of Africa from west to east, the little notebook finally arrived with Livingstone on the sea coast at Quilimane in May 1856. None of its pages seem to be missing, and the extra ones stitched in by Livingstone's own hand add to the value of it as a personal link with the great explorer. It establishes one fact not known before: entries from St Augustine's Bay, Madagascar, show that Livingstone spent a week there on his way home to Britain. The little book came with him and must often have been referred to when he was writing his exciting book on his African journeys.

### IT'S AN ILL WIND

A YOUNG Clydeside apprentice had the honour of launching a ship the other day.

It is customary on the Clyde for the youngest apprentice to present a bouquet to the lady launching a ship. When the Norwegian ship Knut Jarl was to be launched at the Port Glasgow yard 16-year-old David Donnellan presented the flowers, but owing to a high wind the launch was postponed. Next day, however, amid the cheers of his work-mates, David pulled the switch which freed the ship and sent her into the water.



THIS ENGLAND

Clifton Suspension Bridge, spanning the Avon Gorge. Hanging Woods, on the left of the picture, have recently been presented to the National Trust



## DRAKE'S GAME

### William Mitchell & His Code of Rules

It will surprise many followers of the ancient game of bowls that the present year is taken as marking a hundredth anniversary in connection with the sport. Yet this summer, 361 years after Francis Drake was interrupted in his famous game on Plymouth Hoe, bowlers all over Britain will be playing matches in honour of "Mitchell's Centenary day."

These festival games, whose profits are to benefit the Forces' Help Society, are promoted in honour of William Mitchell of Glasgow who in 1848 drew up a code of rules which has ever since governed bowling. Until then this centuries-old game had no set rules for the control of play. From Norman times here players had muddled through the game, with no fixed laws to guide them; rule of thumb, custom, gentlemen's agreements, had decided disputed points, and for some 800 years the game had survived by the good temper and good sportsmanship of generation after generation of players. But William Mitchell felt that the time had come, a century ago, to adopt a code of rules from which, once accepted and agreed upon, there could be no appeal.

There may still be codes differing slightly from one another in various parts of the world, but in the main the grand old pastime is governed by Mitchell's regulations.

## SAND FLEAS FOR SALE

If the people holidaying this summer on the Sussex coast notice that they are suffering less than usual from the unwelcome attentions of the sand flea they can thank Mr William Woolgar of Hove.

By a special process which he refuses to disclose Mr Woolgar catches the tiny pests by the thousands and sells them for £1 a pint.

"Who would want to buy sand fleas?" you may well ask. Zoos and aquariums are Mr Woolgar's chief customers, for the fleas are used as food for marine life.

## Steps to Sporting Fame



Few performers on the fields of sport have equalled Michael Walford, the fair-haired England hockey half back, for all-round prowess.



At Rugby School he captained the XV and also the cricket XI, and was awarded Blues for both games at Oxford. At centre three-quarter, his speed off the mark amazed opponents.



After the war he played cricket for Somerset, hit a century against Surrey in his first season, then dropped out to concentrate on hockey in readiness for the Olympic Games.



Walford helped England to reach the Olympic final, and has figured prominently in the present season's international hockey. His future cricket is limited, as he is a master at Sherborne.

## NORFOLK'S WHERRIES

### Preserving the Old-Time Barges

NORFOLK'S rivers were once gay with the bright colours and sails of wherries, the sailing barges which were used for carrying corn, coal, timber, and other goods between inland towns and ports. But the development of road transport caused them to die out, and now a Norwich Wherry Trust has been formed to preserve one or two of these picturesque vessels.

The wherry was a long, shallow-draught boat built something on the lines of a Viking ship. It was generally painted in brilliant colours, and with its one large sail could sail very close to the wind. A wherry could sail up streams so narrow that its sail brushed the reeds, while wild flowers on the bank nodded their heads over its sides. When they could no longer use their sail the wherry-men would push their barge along with poles called quants.

The old-time Norfolk wherry-men were great characters. They were fond of telling stories about legendary simple-minded wherry-men. One of these was said to have dropped a kettle overboard and to have run to the side of the boat and cut a notch on the water with his knife so that he would know where to find the spot again. Another complained that when he lay in his bunk his feet were higher than his head. He was advised to turn his wherry round, which he did, but was still uncomfortable!

## ROAD OF SPHINXES

A new discovery has been made at Luxor, in Egypt, famous for its ancient temples. Underneath a pavement a road has been found, lined with sphinxes. Each of these nine-foot-long sphinxes has the head of King Nechtanebis, who ruled in Egypt about 400 B.C.

An inscription on the pedestal of the first sphinx says, "King Nechtanebis I made this road for the god Ammon so that he might make good navigation from the Temple of Luxor. Such a beautiful road was never before constructed."

## SCHOOL LIFE THROUGH THE CENTURIES

You would not advise a boy who had in his school report, "Composition: mostly quite futile," to go in for a literary career. But this was in the report of the famous writer, G. K. Chesterton, when he was at St Paul's School, London.

The report, with others, is on view at the Exhibition called The English at School, presented by the National Book League and opening on April 7 at 7 Albemarle Street, London, W1.

The Exhibition is a fascinating one for teachers and pupils alike. It outlines by means of documents, books, and other material the way education has developed in our country from the early private schools to the present-day State schools.

The old prospectuses are amusing. One of a School for Young Ladies offers "Instruction in the several useful and ornamental principles of polite education"—but it appears that many of these principles were "extras."

A quaint exhibit shows a method of instructing the young ladies; it is a globe that opens out like an umbrella, bulging in the middle but closed at both ends. Today we should have a hard task to keep straight faces if a teacher produced such a contraption. But for pupils who

tittered or talked in those days there was a leather "anti-talking harness," a contrivance that was strapped over the pupil's head, preventing him or her from speaking. The one in the Exhibition was used in a Coventry school.

This weird affair really belongs to the Exhibition's "Chamber of Horrors" in which are instruments of punishment: a leather tawse of the type still used in some Scottish schools, birch canes, dunce's cap, and linen headbands with accusing labels on them such as Idleness, Ill-Temper, and Rudeness.

## To Choose England's Test Teams

THE four English Test team selectors appointed for this season's matches against the New Zealanders are A. J. Holmes, former skipper of Sussex; T. N. Pearce, the Essex leader; A. B. Sellers, former captain of Yorkshire; and R. E. S. Wyatt, who led Warwickshire and England, before joining Worcestershire. They will be joined later by the man chosen to lead the England side.

We bid farewell to J. C. Clay (Glamorgan) and R. W. V. Robins (Middlesex), the retiring selectors.

Old school bills have some revealing items. One sent in the 1760s to the Earl of Pembroke from a private school for his son "Master Herbert" contains this pathetic entry: "To his not breaking up at Christmas . . . £1 1s 0d." Poor young Herbert evidently had to stay at school over Christmas. Another bill shows that even in 1775 it cost £212 to keep a boy at Harrow for a year.

Most of the Exhibition, however, consists of documents and books. There are first editions of Ascham's Scholemaster, Milton's very rare tractate Of Education, and Locke's Some Thoughts Concerning Education. There is a copy of Henry VIII's Prymer, early Horn Books, ABCs of the 19th century, the rare first editions of Cocker's Arithmetic and other early text books. These are but a few of the exhibits that make us realise something of the historical background from which our enlightened schools of today have emerged.

The Exhibition is open until May 21. Admission is one shilling on Mondays and Saturdays, 2s 6d from Tuesdays to Fridays, but children, students, and organised parties are admitted at half-price on all days. To arrange for a party, a letter to the National Book League is advisable.

## ROB ROY—Sir Walter Scott's Romantic Story of an Outlaw, Told in Pictures



The ambushed soldiers were all killed or captured and Frank and Mr Jarvie, who had been their prisoners, now found themselves the Highlanders' prisoners. They were taken before Rob Roy's wife, Helen, a proud and embittered woman. They wondered where Rob Roy was, for they had come to the Highlands to meet him, because he had promised to help Frank recover his father's money from Rashleigh Osbaldistone.



Then bagpipes were heard playing a lament. Another party of Highlanders arrived, led by Rob Roy's sons. They said their father had been captured. He had been trapped by a message sent him by a man named Osbaldistone, asking Rob to meet him at a certain place. Frank realised that treacherous Rashleigh had betrayed Rob. Helen turned menacingly on Frank and asked him if his name were Rashleigh Osbaldistone. Rashleigh was Frank's cousin.



Frank explained that Rashleigh was his enemy. Helen then said she would send Frank with a message to the Commander of the troops who held Rob Roy a prisoner. Frank was to tell him that unless he set Rob free within 12 hours, she would send him the soldiers who were her prisoners, and also Mr Jarvie, "each bundled in a plaid and chopped into as many pieces as there are checks in the tartan." Not very hopefully, Frank agreed to go.



Frank was led by Helen's son to where they could see the outposts of the troops sent to suppress Rob Roy's band. Frank went on alone and the soldiers took him to a group of officers. Their commander, whom the others addressed as "my Lord Duke," listened calmly to Frank's message. Then, to Frank's alarm, he replied: "It is a hard case; but I have a paramount duty to perform to the country. Rob Roy must die!"

Is This the End of Adventurous Rob Roy, and of Frank's Hopes? See Next Week's Instalment



The Children's Newspaper, April 9, 1949

9

**BILL and JILL, the C N twins, are here again this week**

Their adventure, complete in this issue, concerns...

## The Runaway

Told by Frank S. Pepper



"Oh, gosh, here comes the rain!" exclaimed young Bill Watson. "We don't want our new bikes to get wet. Let's shelter in that barn. I'm sure the farmer wouldn't mind."

He jumped off his bicycle as he spoke. His twin sister Jill and his Uncle Dick followed suit, and they all hurried for the open door of a barn as the rain suddenly came down in torrents.

Jill and Bill were engaged in a lengthy tour of Britain in the care of their Uncle Dick, who was acting as their tutor.

They had been to Box Hill, and had been cycling back through Surrey lanes towards London when the sudden storm caught them.

From the shelter of the doorway Bill watched the rain.

"Do you think it will last long, Uncle Dick?" he asked. "If it keeps up very long we shall have to give up our plans for a picnic tea in the woods."

A strange scuffling noise caused Bill to turn round sharply. The light was dim at the rear of the barn. The noise was coming from a pile of straw which was heaving up and down as if it was alive.

All at once a boy of about Bill's age appeared from under the straw. He stood and stared at the twins and Uncle Dick. Even in the dim light they could see a terrified expression on his face.

"Hallo, did we startle you?" exclaimed Bill cheerfully. "We were just sheltering from the rain."

The lad from under the straw gave a frightened gasp. He turned round, and sprang towards a small window. He wriggled through like an eel and was gone in a flash.

Bill ran to the window and looked out. He was just in time to see the lad thresh his way through a hedge.

"What a queer chap!" exclaimed Bill. "Fancy running off into the rain like that!"

A step sounded outside, and a man came into the barn. It was the farmer, who had been attracted by Bill's voice.

Uncle Dick explained that they were sheltering from the storm.

"That's perfectly all right," smiled the farmer, "but come, up to the house. You'll be more comfortable."

"I'm afraid we gave your son a fright, sir," Bill said.

The farmer looked at him oddly.

"Son?" he echoed. "There must be some mistake. I haven't got a son."

Bill explained about the boy. "What did he look like?" the farmer asked eagerly.

"I couldn't see him very well," admitted Bill. "But he had very fair hair. He was wearing a faded old blue and yellow blazer, and he looked rather dirty."

"It sounded like young Peter Farley!" exclaimed the farmer. "They've been searching for him for the past three days. To think that he was hiding here!"

"Who is Peter Farley?" asked Bill eagerly. "Why was he hiding under that straw? Why was he so frightened? Why did he run away?"

"Steady on, youngster. I'll try to answer your questions later. Come on up to the house with me. I must telephone to Mr Farley at once."

They all went into the house.

The farmer spoke in a low tone to his wife, and then went into another room to telephone.

When he came back, he said:

"Mr Farley is coming straight over. Peter is his son. He has always been a high-spirited lad, full of adventure. Well, three mornings ago he was nowhere to be seen at breakfast-time, and they found a letter beside his bed to say that he had decided to go off and seek his fortune."

"Gosh, what fun!" exclaimed Bill, his eyes sparkling.

"Not such fun for his mother and father, young man," the farmer said grimly. "They didn't worry much at first. They knew he had only about a shilling pocket-money, and they reckoned he would be back home in time for his dinner, starving hungry. But he didn't come back that night, and though Mr Farley has searched everywhere no one has set eyes on him these three days until you saw him in my barn."

"He must be ravenously hungry by now," cried Bill. "Why doesn't he go home?"

"Frightened, I reckon," said

the farmer. "Mr Farley is rather a stern man, and young Peter is too scared to go back. But his mother and father would be only too pleased to have the chance to forgive him."

A car turned into the farmyard. A tall, dark, worried-looking man got out.

"Here is Mr Farley now," the farmer said. "I want you to tell him exactly what you saw."

Bill repeated his story.

"It sounds like Peter, all right," declared Mr Farley eagerly. "You saw him running towards Quarry Copse? That's a wilderness of a place to hide in."

"It is certainly that," agreed the farmer.

"I'm going over there at once," declared Mr Farley.

"I'll come with you," offered the farmer.

"So will I," volunteered Uncle Dick.

"So will we," cried Bill and Jill.

"Oh, no, you won't!" insisted Uncle Dick. "You'd get soaked to the skin in this rain. You stay here until we get back."

Much against their wishes the twins were left behind in the farmhouse. The farmer's wife did her best to make them feel at home.

"Would you like some tea while you're waiting?" she asked.

"No, thank you very much," Jill said politely. "You see, we've brought everything with us for a picnic tea. We were looking for somewhere to stop and have it when the rain spoiled our plans."

"I think the storm is nearly over," Bill said eagerly. "Look, the sun is breaking through."

The farmer's wife went away and came back in a few minutes, smiling. She handed Jill some-



### Hackney History

As part of their jubilee celebrations pupils of Lauriston Road Secondary School, Hackney, are presenting a series of tableaux representing events in the history of their borough and school.

thing wrapped in waxed paper. "If you won't stay and have tea with me here is something for your picnic," she said.

Jill peeped into the packet, and then gasped.

"Rashers of bacon!" she cried. "But can you really spare them?"

"We keep our own pigs," explained the farmer's wife with a smile.

"That's wizard!" declared Bill with enthusiasm. "We— Look! They're coming back. But they haven't found Peter!"

"Oh dear!" said Jill. Mr Farley came wearily into the kitchen.

"It's hopeless," he said. "The copse isn't very big, but there are so many hiding-places it would take a small army to search it properly. If Peter is there he is too frightened to show himself. I'm afraid we've never properly understood one another. I suppose to him I've seemed rather stern, but it's only my way. If only he'd come back—"

"I think you'd better telephone the police, Mr Farley," advised the farmer soberly.

"Oh no! Don't do that. Not just yet!" pleaded Bill. "I think I can find him for you. At least, give me a chance."

Uncle Dick looked at him.

"That sounds a bit cheeky," he warned. "The three of us have been searching for over an hour, and have given it up for a bad job. Now you tell us you think you can do better!"

Bill chuckled.

"Look, Uncle Dick, the sun's shining again! Don't forget you promised us a picnic. Let's have it in Quarry Copse!"

The twins and their uncle cycled away from the farm, and soon reached a pleasant green dell enclosed by the slopes of an old quarry which in course of time had become thickly wooded.

Jill laid out the picnic things. Bill soon had their little stove going, and set a frying-pan on it. He opened their gift packet of bacon, and laid the rashers into the pan.

"Bacon!" exclaimed Uncle Dick, who was seeing the rashers for the first time. "By Jove, they certainly make me feel hungry!"

He smacked his lips. "How soon will they be ready?" he asked eagerly.

"Not so fast," chuckled Bill. "Now, I want both of you to come with me."

"Where are we going?" demanded Uncle Dick. "What about the picnic? We can't leave everything there on the ground."

"Come with me," insisted Bill. He led the way into the bushes. He found a sheltered spot and crouched down out of sight.

"My goodness, the smell of that bacon makes me feel famished," Uncle Dick declared. "How long have we to wait?"

Bill's mouth was watering, too, but he forced himself to be patient.

"If we stay here much longer that bacon is going to spoil," insisted Jill.

"Ssssh!" hissed Bill.

SOMEWHERE a twig snapped. On the other side of the glade there was a stealthy rustling in the bushes. The branches parted. A face peered out. It was Peter. He glared at the frying-pan with envious eyes. He was frightened. He hesitated. The delicious smell of frying bacon drew him like a magnet, in spite of his fears. He looked round. Seeing no one, he came out of hiding, and advanced towards the stove. He bent over the frying-pan, and licked his lips.

The twins and their uncle tipped out of hiding, and were close behind him before Bill said:

"Hallo, Peter!"

Peter turned with a startled cry, and tried to run. Uncle Dick caught him and held him, gently but firmly.

"We're just going to have a picnic," said Jill. "Won't you join us, Peter?"

Peter was torn between his hunger and the desire to run away. At last the smell of the bacon won. He sat down on the grass with the twins.

"You know, old man, your mother and father are very worried about you. When are you going back home?"

"I'm not going ever," said Peter.

"Scared?" asked Uncle Dick quietly. "No. I can't believe that. You weren't scared at the idea of going off on your own. Your mother and father want you back. Your father is at the farm now, waiting. Will you come back there with us?"

Peter hesitated a long time. Then he smiled ruefully.

"You're right, sir. I am scared," he told Uncle Dick. "At first it was fun. Then I realised I was wrong, and I hadn't the nerve to go home. But I'll go now, if you go with me."

"Good show!" cried Bill delightedly. "But there's no hurry for a few minutes. We've got to finish off this bacon first."

See next week's C N for another stirring adventure of Bill and Jill. Order your copy now.

## BICYCLES AS PRIZES

in the New C N Competition—A-B-Cs!

### THE PRIZES 5 Splendid Bicycles: 5 Cricket Bats or Tennis Rackets: 50 Surprise Prizes

ARE you taking part in A-B-Cs, our new free 4-week competition for under-17s? If not, and you missed the first pictures, ask your newsagent for a copy of last week's C N, in which they appeared—start now to win for yourself a fine new bicycle or one of the many other prizes offered!

Here is Set 2 in this interesting series of pictorial A-B-Cs. As before, all you have to do is to name the object illustrated by each little picture. Each answer is one word only, and of course starts with the given letter of the alphabet each time.

You may look at books or pictures for help, but remember that your entry must be your own work, and that your parent or guardian will be asked to sign your entry when you send it in.

The Five Bicycles (juvenile or full-size, as chosen), and the other prizes will be awarded in order of merit for the entries which are correct or most nearly so. In the case of ties, handwriting or printing in relation to age will be taken into account.

The competition will be judged in two age classes—those under 11, and the 11s and over. No entries are to be sent in yet. Keep your answers to this set noted carefully, together with those to last week's pictures, until next week's C N brings you Set 3, and so on for four weeks, in all.

Each reader may send one attempt only when the time comes—it must consist of the answers to the four sets of A-B-Cs listed on a single sheet of paper and have affixed to it a signed coupon (which will be given with the fourth set, together with sending-in directions). The full rules will be given again with the last set. The closing date will be May 5.

A-B-Cs . . . Set 2



Keep Your Answers by You—2 More Sets to Come!



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## Budget Day Business

### STRANGE TAXES OF THE PAST

THE use of the term Budget for the annual financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to have arisen from the ancient custom of carrying the papers relating to these matters in a little leather bag, or in the French, a *bougette*.

But how is the nation's gigantic "housekeeping" balance sheet drawn up? For weeks prior to Budget Day the Chancellor of the Exchequer lives in an atmosphere of figures. Other high officials of State have to be consulted. A number of financial experts are ready at a moment's notice to supply him with up-to-the-minute data regarding the nation's resources.

### Diffident Disraeli

The extent to which a Chancellor avails himself of such assistance varies considerably. Disraeli is said to have been extremely hesitant about accepting the Chancellorship until Lord Derby confided: "They'll give you all the figures!" Lord Althorp, on the other hand, compiled all his own calculations.

As a rule, however, there are numerous and lengthy consultations in the Chancellor's private room. It is said that when Sir Robert Horne held office a most amusing incident occurred. He summoned a number of experts and listened carefully to all they had to say. Then, strolling across to the window, he lapsed into deep thought—so deep, in fact, that when at long last he turned round the room had emptied!

Chancellors of earlier times have resorted to some curious taxes for increasing national revenue. William Pitt was a genius at inventing new ideas for raising money, though not all of them proved successful. For instance, he placed a duty on gloves—so people took to wearing mittens. Those were also the days of powdered wigs, so Pitt introduced a tax of one guinea a year on them, with the exception of those worn by royalty, clergy, and officers in the armed Forces.

### Windows and Chimneys

A window tax was in operation for nearly a century, but in 1783 it was increased considerably, so people hurriedly bricked in many of their windows. The result of the tax can still be seen in many old buildings. A 2s duty on fireplaces (known as the "chimney tax") was in force from 1663 to 1669. In the 17th century, bachelors over the age of 25 had to pay a shilling tax annually, and there were higher rates for men of rank and title. At one time, even beards were taxable.

All concerned in the preparation of the Budget bear a tremendous responsibility. One unguarded word may give a vital clue to unscrupulous persons who are in a position to make fortunes by having advance knowledge of the probable influence the Budget proposals may have on the Stock Exchange, or upon the prices of commodities. Many Treasury and Civil Service chiefs prefer to stay away from their clubs and withdraw almost entirely from social life until "the cat is out of the bag" officially.

## SCOTTISH OYSTERS

### Reviving an Old Industry

EXPERIMENTS are being carried out to revive the oyster fishing industry in Scotland. Until 150 years ago the Scottish coasts were rich in oysters and thousands were exported annually; but by careless over-fishing the once rich beds along the west coast, among the Outer Isles, the Orkneys, and in the Firth of Forth, have now become extinct.

A few years ago, however, fishing experts from the Marine Research Station at Millport in the Firth of Clyde laid out thousands of imported oysters in selected localities. After two years it was discovered the oysters were equal in size and quality to those reared on commercial beds. For this experiment oysters were brought from Conway, Brittany, and Norway, and it was also found that giant Japanese oysters brought from Vancouver thrived as successfully in Scotland as in the Pacific.

Now a 60,000-gallon tank is about to be constructed at the Millport Marine Station in which it will be possible to control and supervise the breeding of oysters.

Another breeding experiment was carried out recently in an old slate quarry flooded by the sea on the island of Easdale. This flooded quarry was like a great tank, and its breeding oysters were suspended in it in wire cages. Despite adverse weather conditions during the summer of 1948 some success was achieved and it is hoped to continue the experiments during breeding time this summer.

These experiments are all long-term projects, but the fish experts are confident that eventually a flourishing oyster fishing industry will again be possible in Scotland.

## A VETERAN ADVENTURER

IF ever a man enjoyed a long life of adventure and dangerous and exciting living, it is Mr Christopher Schultz who, at the age of 73, has arrived with his wife in Sydney, Australia, to settle in the Antipodes.

For fifty years Mr Schultz hunted and caught big game in Africa. He supplied zoos, including the Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, with animals of all kinds, including the rhinoceros.

What Mr Schultz does not know about wild life in Africa is not worth knowing. Once his car broke down in the jungle, and he and his wife found themselves surrounded by 32 lions. Eventually the beasts were scared by the simple device of shining a torch on them!

Two other experiences of Old Chris, as he is affectionately called, illustrate how dangerously he has lived.

When Second World War broke out he was delivering animal specimens to Germany. He was interned there for the duration of the war, when his life hung upon a thread.

Chris Schultz tried to reach Australia from Europe in a small sailing ship. He was shipwrecked en route. But that did not deter him.

Now, Old Chris and his wife are beginning life again. In Australia they will find plenty of wild life to interest them.



## SHILLING

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A fine unused set of New Zealand Victory stamps showing Lake Matheson, King George VI and Parliament, and St. Paul's Cathedral with the Union Jack in the background, a quotation from one of Mr. Churchill's great Battle of Britain speeches, and the V sign, designs truly symbolising the sources of Peace, Strength, and Victory, sent free to all applicants for Approvals enclosing 24d. postage.

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The Children's Newspaper, April 9, 1949



41 ins. long, range 21 octaves, tested. Made in almost unbreakable plastic. VERY ATTRACTIVE COLOURS.

Complete with instructions for beginners. More than a toy—this is a musical instrument.

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6,000 Revs. Per Min. 2/11 Post 3d. Works from Torch Battery

This outfit comprises ALL necessary parts and base ready for simple assembly by any boy to make this working Electric Motor exactly as illustrated. Apart from its novelty, this has very considerable technical and constructive value. More can be learnt from it regarding Electric Motors than by reading volumes. A most instructive and entertaining toy for boys—complete with diagrams and easy instructions. Send P.O. 3/2. Direct only from:

Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. ECN), 585 High Road, Finchley, London, N.12



NO CLOCKWORK—NO FUEL—NO BATTERY. This new Ray-powered Motor-Car is a most amazing novelty toy. Car is propelled by the unseen harmless rays emitted from the Ray-Control Stick. To see the car going in this way will astonish and mystify your friends. A most fascinating toy, in box with directions. Send NOW P.O. or stamps 3/9 to:

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Guarantee enclosed. ONLY SEND CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER TO 5/- Post Paid

NAZEX SIGNALLING DEPT., 28, ST. ANTHONY'S PLACE, BLACKPOOL

## Food Cubes For Cattle WINTER FORAGE

LORD MELCHETT, who is 25 years old, has been working with a friend of his boyhood days, Mr James F. Robinson, at a remarkable scheme for turning grass and greenstuffs, such as sugar beet tops, into dried cubes for feeding cattle.

If the scheme is successful, it should be a great boon to farmers who, since the war, have encountered great difficulties in obtaining imported feeding-stuffs. Lord Melchett is chairman of a private company which proposes to begin by building a factory in East Anglia this year which will obtain greenstuffs to dry and process from fields within five miles.

The tops of sugar beets are as a rule fed to cattle in their green state, but in this condition they will not keep and must be disposed of in a short time. The scheme would make of the beet tops and other greenstuffs "preserves" for cows.

In addition to beet tops and grass the factory would require lucerne, sainfoin, clover, and kale.

The mechanical drying of grass and other vegetable matter is different, of course, from hay-making. In artificial drying the greenstuffs are sliced and dried by hot air. The finished product is pressed into small hard cubes which the cattle can crunch.

Lord Melchett told a meeting of farmers recently that dried feeding-stuffs in this form, containing 15 per cent protein, would be sold for £20 a ton.

Already 150 farmers have agreed to support the scheme. If it is successful a chain of such factories will be built which will be of great benefit to British agriculture.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### Brock Gets a Surprise

Brock the Badger was annoyed. The wood was full of moonlight and shadows which called him to come adventuring, and his wife said they must spring-clean their sleeping-quarters at once! However, he began to help her.

But how fussy she was! Every scrap of dirty bracken, grass, and earth had to be carted out into the clearing before they gathered any fresh bundles of bedding. He had helped her to make a new bed several times before, but now there was no pleasing her.

Each time he asked, "Can I go now?" she would reply, "More bedding, please!" At last the April sky grew bright with the dawn light.

Then she was satisfied. But it was too light to go adventuring now, so Brock decided to go to bed. He began to enter their newly-cleaned room, when Mrs Brock cried: "No sleeping here! You must stay in the side tunnel!" "What! Give up my even-

## ON THE RIGHT LINES More Comfortable Travel

STRONGER and safer railway lines which ensure quieter and smoother running are being introduced by British Railways.

These new standard rails are of the flat-bottom type instead of the traditional British "bull-head" type. They are secured to the sleepers by a simpler fastening arrangement which makes them easier to maintain.

Because the flat-bottom rails spread the load more evenly and keep better alignment, travelling over them in their most up-to-date form will make our railway journeys more comfortable.

We used a form of flat-bottom track in Britain more than a century ago, but it then found little favour. This was because the narrow base of those days wore quickly into the softwood sleepers to which the rails were spiked. So "bull-head" rails, which could be fixed with bases large enough to spread the load adequately on the sleepers, were adopted very early in our railway history.

British Railways' track renewal programme for 1949 involves laying new rails over 1484 miles of track and 663 miles will be relaid with "flat-bottoms."

To avoid interference with the country's steel production, the new standard rails will be introduced gradually, but an increasing proportion will be laid each year.

Britain's railway tracks have long had the reputation of being the finest in the world. It is good news that they are being still further improved.



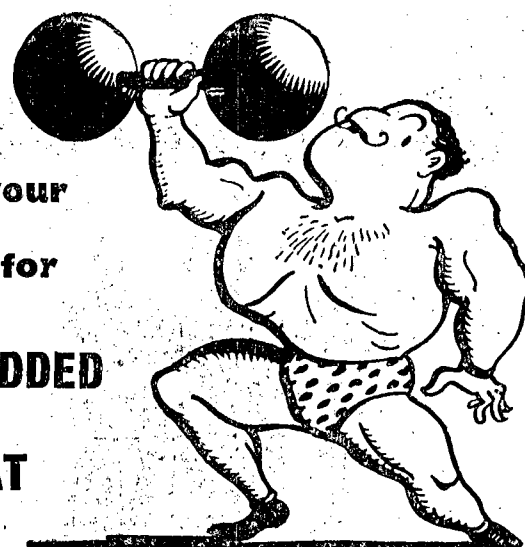
ing's outing to make this bed and not share it!" exclaimed Brock in astonishment. And he vowed to punish her for her unkindness as he curled up uncomfortably in the side room.

So when dusk came, off he went—and he did not come back in the morning. Nor the next morning. But on the third night, when he was in the middle of his supper, he suddenly felt so ashamed of his behaviour that he started off home at once at top speed, carrying a fat grub as a peace offering.

When he reached the sett he peered rather nervously into the sleeping-place. But Mrs Brock blinked a friendly eye at him, and whispered: "Don't come in! You will wake the children!"

And there they were! Three little baby badgers cuddling closely to her side. Brock was surprised.

"No wonder you wanted the spring-cleaning done," he said as he gazed proudly at his children.



Ask your

Mum for

SHREDDED

WHEAT

that's the food the strong men eat!



Make more muscle with

Welgar Shredded

Wheat—eat it

every day! Crisp,

golden, sun-ripened

wheat, that's the stuff

for strong men. It's

nourishing as well as

nice!

Of importance to all students...

(and examiners, too!)

Once again it is possible to produce the Blackbird pen, the beloved of every college in the land, at a price the student will not find unreasonable. The good nib gives clear notes and papers, the sturdy construction means long service.

IN BLACK, GREEN, BLUE OR GREY Price 12/10 (including Purchase Tax) ★ Ask your stationer to show you some

THE Blackbird PEN

MADE BY THE SWAN PEN PEOPLE



## THE BRAN TUB

### CONTRARIWISE

It was not long before Sammy Simple was in trouble in his new office job.

"What do you mean by this?" thundered the manager. "You have put all the debits on the credit side."

"Well, you see, sir," replied Sammy, "I'm left-handed."

### Weather Telling

RAIN is likely during the day if the inside of the windows is cloudy in the morning. If in the morning a cake of soap is dry before use it is a sign of good weather; if damp expect rain.

When salt is dry and powdery no rain is likely, but if it is damp and cloggy then the weather will be bad.

Another good method, which has been mentioned in the C.N., is observing the bubbles that rise to the surface after a piece of sugar has been placed in tea or coffee. If the bubbles are small and go to the side or break, conditions will be fine; if they are large and stay in the middle of the cup rain is likely.

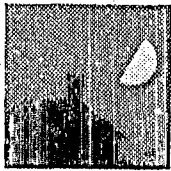
### GOOD AND BAD

A DEALER sold a gross of eggs. Later he was told that a large number of them were bad, so he offered to replace them. He found that he had to send a number equal to half the good ones in the original consignment plus ten and a half. How many bad ones were there?

Answer next week

### Other Worlds

IN the evening Saturn is in the south-east and Uranus is in the south-west. In the morning Jupiter is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon at 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening, April 6.



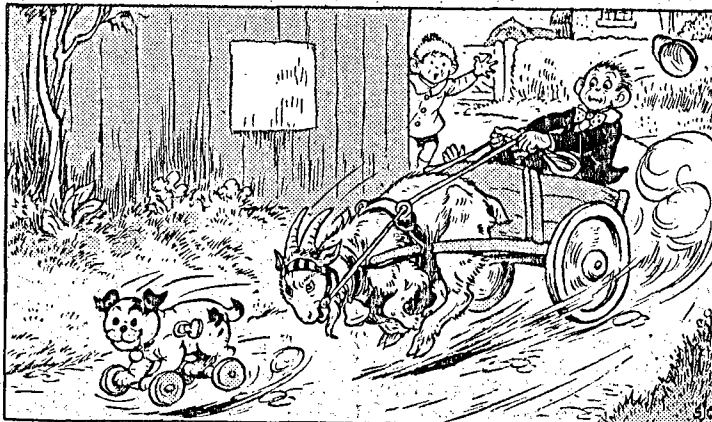
### FIND THE MISSING WORD

IN the following sentence a word is hidden—the name of something very popular with most Englishmen in summertime. Each letter of the missing word is in the same position in each word of the sentence.

SICKLY HAROLD STILL PECKS CAKES EVERY SATURDAY

Answer next week

## Jacko Hangs On



"HALLO, what's this?" said Jacko as he saw a youngster winding up a toy dog on wheels. The little dog paused for a moment, wagged his tail, and then rolled merrily along the road. This was too much for Billy, who took the wag of the tail as a personal insult; so, lowering his head, he set off in pursuit. All Jacko could do was to hang on. Finally the little dog stopped, and Billy, with a last glare at the offending tail, now still, continued homeward at a more leisurely pace.

### FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

A Dainty Visitor. In the woods, again and again, Don heard that single, sweetly plaintive note; "Too-eet!" it seemed to say.

Finally he traced it to a slender little bird, about four and a half inches long.

"Its back was greenish-brown, and its breast a buffish colour," Don told Farmer Gray.

"A willow-wren or willow-warbler, whichever you prefer," said the farmer. "A sprinkling of these dainty little birds arrive about the end of March, increasing in numbers during April. Their food consists of insects and blight, so they are useful birds. In September, willow-wrens depart for Africa—an amazing journey for a bird with such fragile wings to undertake."

### Question of Time

WHEN Jeremy Taylor, the famous 17th-century writer and scholar, was introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury he was told that his extreme youth was a bar to his present employment.

"If your grace will excuse me this fault," replied Taylor, "I promise, if I live, to mend it."

### Cuckoo

SAID a much puzzled lady from Bow, "My old cuckoo clock is so slow; That whether it's Sunday, Or midday on Monday, I freely confess I don't know."

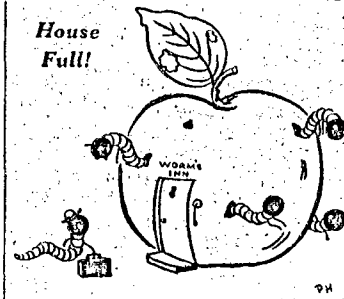
### He Who Laughs Last

HARRY was telling some friends of a visit to London.

"Tom thought it was a great joke when I spoke to the waiter in French."

"I should think that would be funny," said an old school chum.

"It was," replied Harry. "I told him to give the bill to Tom."



## Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, April 6, to Tuesday, April 12.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Wreck of the Toytown Belle (2). 5.30 On a Cattle Ranch (7). North, 5.0 Sing Song; What Happened to Twink; Wandering with Nomad.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Christopher Cobber Tries to be Clever. 5.15 The Box of Delights (6). Midland, 5.0 Catch That Spider (6); A Bobby Brewster Story; The Coloured Coons. North, 5.0 Bunkle and Belinda (Part 1). Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh. 5.30 A Tusker Story; Sound Quiz. West, 5.0 Mystery at Penmarth.

FRIDAY, 5.0 Biggles Flies North. Scottish, 5.0 Variety.

SATURDAY, 5.0 New Tales of Sam-Pig. 5.15 A Norman and Henry Bones Play. N. Ireland, 5.0 I Want to be an Actor; Songs; Piano. 5.35 Nature Quiz. North, 5.0 Stuff and Nonsense. 5.35 Nature Quiz. Scottish, 5.0 Tales of a Wandering Cat.

SUNDAY, 5.0 Rock of Ages—a play. North, 5.0 For All Ages; A Professor Branestawm story; Piano. Scottish, 5.0 A story; Quiz.

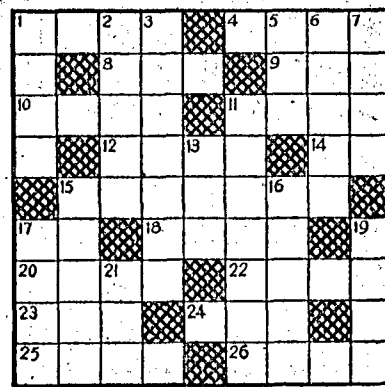
MONDAY, 5.0 This Week's Programmes; The Tale of Peter Rabbit. 5.25 Two Planos. 5.40 Film Review. North, 5.0 Chemistry Quiz; Children's Newsreel. Scottish, 5.0 Donald and the Gang (2). 5.30 Piano; The Scottish Zooman. West, 5.40 The Sports Coach.

TUESDAY, 5.0 A story. 5.15 Young Artists. 5.40 World Affairs. Midland, 5.0 Vernon Adcock and his Xylophone; A story; School Choir. N. Ireland, 5.0 Aunt Martha's Chair (Part 1). North, 5.0 Young Artists. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

## Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 The juice of this fruit is very refreshing. 4 A headland. 8 Every one. 9 To wield vigorously. 10 Bird of prey. 11 The hindmost part. 12 Reflected sound. 14 That is (abbrev). 15 A mechanic. 17 Preposition. 18 Adam's home. 20 Related. 22 Again. 23 Single unit. 24 Devoured. 25 Animal flesh. 26 The way out.

Reading Down. 1 Large body of fresh water. 2 Mother. 3 Chosen. 5 A monkey. 6 Clear. 7 A circuit court. 11 Rose-coloured. 13 Put out of sight. 15 Make amends. 16 Take possession of. 17 The mighty. 19 To work hard at books. 21 Tract of open grassland. Answer next week



### WRONG—WITH LOVE

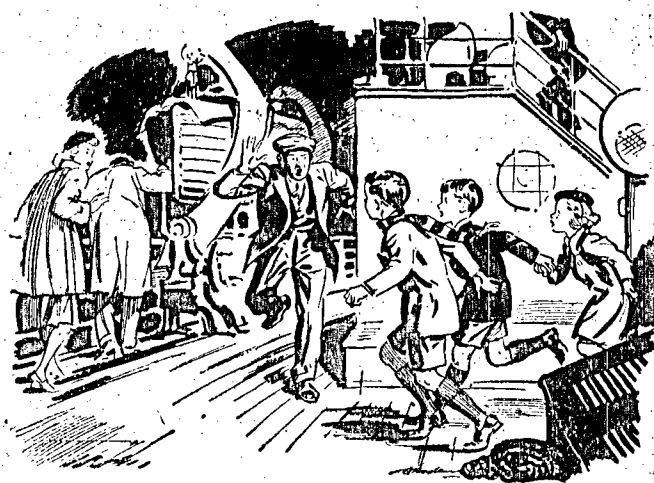
LITTLE Janie home from school, Said "Teacher thinks I'm wonderful. On every book she never misses To put a lot of little kisses."

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Who Are They?  
Alice, Robinson Crusoe, Tom Brown, Gulliver, Oliver Twist.

Retired  
He started work at 21, and retired at 33.

### HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?



## MAN OVERBOARD

A Sea Mystery you can solve with the Three Mustardeers

"If we had a fishing rod we could fish from our bedroom window if our cabin had a porthole," remarked Jim. "Sorry," grinned the steward. "C Deck cabins don't have them, but you'll be very comfortable." "Come on," said Roger. "I vote we join Mary on the boat deck." The Three Mustardeers leant against the ship's rail for some minutes and watched the lights of England disappearing astern. Suddenly the calmness of the night was broken by a splash. "Man overboard!" came a frantic shout. Dashing across the deck, the children almost collided with a man in the darkness. "Quick—get help!" he gasped. "I've just seen someone jump overboard from one of the portholes." In a matter of seconds a ship's officer was on the spot and a lifeboat had been lowered. "Was it a man or woman you saw, sir?" asked the officer. "It was a smallish man with a curly red beard," said the man. "I threw a lifebuoy to him." "That sounds like a passenger on C Deck who sent for me directly he came aboard," said the ship's doctor. "I gave him something and left him tucked up in his bunk." Roger touched the officer on the arm. "You might as well call back the lifeboat," he said quietly. "The man you want is still on board."

The Three Mustardeers stood in the Captain's cabin some time later. "You will be interested to know," said the Captain, "that the man who gave the alarm was none other than a well-known crook. We've got him locked up, thanks to you."

But how did you see through his game? "By three howlers he made," said Jim. "I still don't see how he worked it," said Mary. "I can tell you that," said the Captain. "He booked two cabins and occupied one wearing his red beard. After calling attention to himself by having the doctor, he removed his disguise, left a suicide note, and claimed the other cabin in different clothes. If he'd managed to make us believe that the man in the red beard had been drowned, we should have been satisfied that the crook the police were after was no more. Now let's go and have supper while you tell me about those three mistakes the fellow made." "There's one mistake the Captain doesn't make," said Roger, as they tucked in. "Yes," said Mary, "he has the mustard freshly made." "Pass it over," said Jim.

CAN YOU SEE THE CROOK'S HOWLERS? (Answers below)

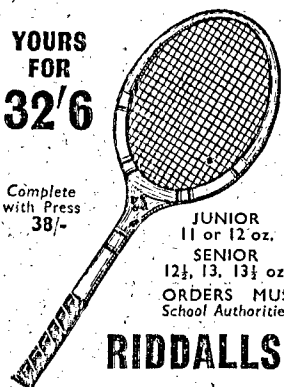
THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH  
We will have Mustard whenever we can get it. Mustard makes good food taste better. We will have Mustard—

COLMAN'S MUSTARD  
1. Only one splash was heard—  
2. It was unlikely he could see the  
3. There were no portholes to  
4. C Deck so the bearded man  
5. There was a smallish man with a curly red beard  
6. The man who gave the alarm was none other than a well-known crook  
7. We've got him locked up, thanks to you

## A TENNIS RACQUET

YOURS FOR 32/6

Complete with Press 38/-



## TO BE PROUD OF

Strongly made—laminated frame throughout—but that will stand the play of the strongest—a leather grip—beautifully finished—perfectly balanced. As supplied to school authorities throughout the country.

We are so confident of the performance of this racquet that we guarantee to refund your money within seven days of receipt if you are not entirely satisfied.

SEND 32/6, plus 2/- postage and packing, and state weight required.

ORDERS MUST BE TAKEN IN STRICT ROTATION.

School Authorities please send for sample.

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